POEMS,

CHIEFLY

PASTORAL.

BY

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Fælix ille, quem, ſemotum longe e ſtrepitu et popularibus undis,
interdum molli rus accipit umbra! RAPIN.

Silveſtram tenui muſam meditabor avena.

DUBLIN:
Printed for PETER WILSON, in Dame-Street,
AND
BOULTER GRIERSON, in Parliament-Street.
M, DCC, LXVI.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY

PASTORAL.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 60
MAR

BY

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

DUBLIN:

Printed for Peter Wilson, in Dame-Street;

AND

Booksellers Corbyson, in Parliament-Street.

M,DCC,LXXI.

A CARD from the AUTHOR, to DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

REMOTENESS *of ſituation, and ſome other circumſtances, have hitherto deprived the Author of that happineſs he might receive from ſeeing Mr.* GARRICK.

'Tis the univerſal regard his character commands, occaſions this addreſs.

It may be thought by many, (at a viſit ſo abrupt as this is) that ſomething highly complimentary ſhould be ſaid on the part of the intruder; but according to the ideas the Author has conceived of Mr. GARRICK's *delicacy and good ſenſe, a ſingle period in*

the garb of flattery, would certainly offend him.

He therefore takes his leave;—and after having ſtept (perhaps a little too forward) to offer his tribute of eſteem, reſpectfully retires.

NEWCASTLE,
Feb. 1766.

DAY:

DAY:

A

PASTORAL.

——*Carpe diem.* HOR.

MORNING.

I.

IN the barn the tenant Cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping ſun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village ſpire.

III.

Philomel forſakes the thorn,
Plaintive where ſhe prates at night;
And the Lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the ſhepherd's ſight.

IV.

From the low roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring Swallow ſpring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick ſhe dips her dappled wing.

V.

Now the pine-tree's waving top,
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daiſies, on the dewey dale.

VI.

From the balmy ſweets, uncloy'd,
(Reſtleſs till her [illegible] done)

Now

15 60 MAR

Now the buſy Bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the ſun.

VII.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limped ſtream diſtills,
Sweet refreſhment waits the flock
When 'tis ſun-drove from the hills.

VIII.

COLIN's for the promis'd corn
(E're the harveſt hopes are ripe)
Anxious;—whilſt the huntſman's horn,
Boldly ſounding, drowns his pipe.

IX.

Sweet,—O ſweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblooſom'd ſpray!
Nature's univerſal ſong
Echos to the riſing day.

NOON.

NOON.

X.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noontide radiance glows:
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the roſe.

XI.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat,
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his graſſy ſeat.

XII.

Now the flock forſakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the ſun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

XIII.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a ſingle ſound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

XIV.

XIV.

Cattle court the zephirs bland,
Where the ſtreamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Midway in the marſhy pool.

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or ſtream,
Not a flutt'ring zephir ſprings:
Fearful leaſt the noontide beam
Scorch its ſoft, its ſilken wings.

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir,
Nature's lull'd—ſerene—and ſtill
Quiet e'en the ſhepherds cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

XVII.

Languid is the landſcape round,
Till the freſh deſcending ſhower,
Grateful to the thirſty ground,
Raiſes ev'ry fainting flower.

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warbler's throats in tune;

Blith-

Blithſome is the verdant ſcene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

XIX.

O'ER the heath the heifer ſtrays
Free;—(the furrow'd taſk is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burniſh'd by the ſetting ſun.

XX.

Now he ſets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden ſky:
Can the pencil's mimic ſkill,
Copy the refulgent dye?

XXI.

Trudging as the plowmen go,
(To the ſmoaking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their ſhadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

XXII.

Where the riſing foreſt ſpreads,
Shelter, for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

XXIII.

As the Lark with vary'd tune,
Carrols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild reſplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

XXIV.

Now the hermit Howlet peeps
From the barn, or twiſted brake;
And the blue miſt ſlowly creeps,
Curling on the ſilver lake.

XXV.

As the Trout in ſpeckled pride,
Playful from its boſom ſprings;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſſive rings.

XXVI.

Tripping through the ſilken graſs,
O'er the path-divided dale,

Mark

Mark the roſe-complexion'd laſs
With her well-pois'd milking paſl.

XXVII.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the Cuckow bird with two,
Tuning ſweet their mellow throats,
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu.

THE

THE CONTEMPLATIST:

A NIGHT PIECE.

Nox erat———
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres.

I.

THE nurſe of CONTEMPLATION, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her ſilver-veſted train.

II.

II.

'Tis ſtrange, the many marſhall'd ſtars,
That ride yon ſacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A ſilence ſo profound!

III.

A kind, a philoſophic calm,
The cool creation wears!
And what Day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle Night repairs.

IV.

Behind their leafy curtains hid
The feather'd race how ſtill!
How quiet, now, the gameſome kid
That gambol'd round the hill!

V.

The ſweets, that bending o'er their banks,
From ſultry Day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And ſcent the weſtern wind.

VI.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,

Appears

Appears amongſt the tufted trees
A Phœnix neſt on fire.

VII.

But ſoft—the golden glow ſubſides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in ſilent pomp, ſhe rides
Pale regent of the ſky!

VIII

Where TIME, upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I ſit, from buſy paſſions free,
And breathe the placid air.

IX.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the ſky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthleſs TIME,
Shall Youth and Vigour die.

X.

I'm lifted to the blue expanſe:
It glows ſerenely gay!
Come SCIENCE, by my ſide, advance,
We'll ſearch the Milky Way.

XI.

XI

Let us deſcend——The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And SCIENCE, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

XII.

What are thoſe wild, thoſe wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours. How like the vague deſires
That cheat the heart of MAN!

XIII.

But there's a friendly guide!——a flame,
That lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladſome beam,
The hermit's oſier ſhed.

XIV.

Amongſt the ruſſet ſhades of night,
It glances from afar!
And darts along the duſk; ſo bright,
It ſeems a ſilver ſtar!

XV.

In coverts, (where the few frequent)
If VIRTUE deigns to dwell;

'Tis

'Tis thus, the little lamp CONTENT,
Gives luſtre to her cell.

XVI.

How ſmooth that rapid river ſlides
Progreſſive to the deep;
The poppies pendant o'er its ſides
Have charm'd the waves to ſleep.

XVII.

PLEASURE's intoxicated ſons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect——for as the river runs,
Life wings its tracteleſs way.

XVIII.

That branching grove of duſky green,
Conceals the azure ſky;
Save, where a ſtarry ſpace between,
Relieves the darken'd eye.

XIX.

Old ERROR, thus, with ſhades impure,
Throws ſacred Truth behind:
Yet ſometimes, through the deep obſcure,
She burſts upon the mind.

XX.

Sleep, and her ſiſter Silence reign,
They lock the Shepherds fold!
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis loſt upon the wold!

XXI.

To ſavage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unreſiſting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little rambler dies.

XXII.

As luckleſs is the Virgin's lot
Whom pleaſure once miſguides,
When hurried from the halcion cot
Where INNOCENCE preſides—

XXIII.

The paſſions, a relentleſs train!
To tear the victim run:
She ſeeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd—and undone.

XXIV.

How bright the little inſects blaze,
Where willows ſhade the Way;

As

As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the Day!

XXV.

'Tis thus, the pygmy ſons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade!
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade!

XXVI.

The ſoft ſerenity of night,
Ungentle clouds deform!
The ſilver hoſt that ſhone ſo bright,
Is hid behind a ſtorm!

XXVII.

The angry elements engage!
And oak, (an ivied bower!)
Repels the rough winds noiſy rage,
And ſhields me from the ſhower.

XXVIII.

The rancour thus of ruſhing fate,
I've learned to render vain:
For whilſt integrity's her ſeat,
The ſoul will ſit ſerene.

XXIX.

XXIX.

A raven, from ſome greedy vault
  Amidſt that cloiſter'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a ſolemn thought!
  Reflect upon the tomb.

XXX.

The tomb!—the conſecrated dome!
  The temple rais'd to PEACE!
The port, that to its friendly home,
  Compels the human race!

XXXI.

Yon village, to the moral mind,
  A ſolemn aſpect wears;
Where ſleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
  And kill'd his daily cares:

XXXII.

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night;
  An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental ſight,
  The temporary dead.

XXXIII.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,
  The grave's unmeaſur'd deep;

And

And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught,
To meet my final ſleep.

XXXIV.

'Tis peace—(The little chaos paſt!)
The gentle moon's reſtor'd!
A breeze ſucceeds the frightful blaſt,
That through the foreſt roar'd!

XXXV.

The Nightingale, a welcome gueſt!
Renews her gentle ſtrains;
And HOPE, (juſt wand'ring from my breaſt)
Her wonted ſeat regains.

XXXVI.

Yes—When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My ſoul, a more celeſtial ſpark,
Shall keep her native ſky.

XXXVII.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreſhment find;
And moral rapſodies, like theſe,
Give vigour to the mind.

CONTENT:

A

PASTORAL.

I

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home.

Yellow ſheaſs from rich CERES her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on the floor,
Her caſement, ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door.

II.

II.

We ſate ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt:
Freſh fruits! and ſhe cull'd me the beſt:
While thrown from my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt!

I told my ſoft wiſhes; ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
But take me, fond ſhepherd—I'm thine.

III.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek!
So ſimple, yet ſweet, were her charms!
I kiſſ'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my Arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few ſheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom, I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

IV.

Together we range o'er the ſlow riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views,

Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtils,
And point out new themes for my muſe.

To pomp or proud titles ſhe ne'er did aſpire,
The damſel's of humble deſcent;
The cottager, PEACE, is well known for her ſire,
And ſhepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.

WITH A

PRESENT.

I.

LET not the hand of AMITY be nice!
Nor the poor tribute from the heart diſclaim;
A trifle ſhall become a pledge of price,
If friendſhip ſtamps it with her ſacred name.

II.

The little roſe that laughs upon its ſtem,
One of the ſweets with which the gardens teem,
In value ſoars above an eaſtern gem,
If tender'd as the token of eſteem.

III.

Had I vaſt hoards of maſſy wealth to ſend,
Such as your merits might demand—their due!
Then ſhould the golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treaſures of the rich PERU.

CORY-

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CORY-

CORYDON:

A PASTORAL.

To the Memory of *William Shenſtone*, Eſq;

I.

COME, ſhepherds, we'll follow the hearſe,
We'll ſee our lov'd CORYDON laid:
Tho' ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let a ſad tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In ſooth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd on his elegant ſtrain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpoſe he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never wou'd riſle their cell.

Ye

Ye lambkins that played at his feet,
Go bleat—and your maſter bemoan;
His muſic was artleſs and ſweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

III.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And winter diſcolour the year.

No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing,
(Our hedges ſo vocal before)
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring,
Can greet the gay ſeaſon no more.

IV.

His PHILLIS was fond of his praiſe,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liſten'd,——they envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his ſong?

Ye ſhepherds, henceforward be mute,
For loſt is the paſtoral ſtrain;
So give me my CORYDON's flute,
And thus——let me break it in twain.

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And thus——let me break it in twain.

The ROSE *and* BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

AT day's early dawn a gay Butterfly ſpied,
A budding young Roſe, and he wiſh'd her his bride:
She bluſh'd when ſhe heard him his paſſion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not deſpair.

Their faith was ſoon plighted; as lovers will do,
He ſwore to be conſtant, ſhe vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a roſe paſſes quickly away,
And the pride of a butterly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he reviſit his bride, till the ſun
Had leſs than one-fourth of his journey to run.

The Roſe thus reproach'd him—'Already ſo cold!
'How feign'd, O you falſe one, that paſſion you told!
''Tis an age ſince you left me:' (She meant a few hours;
But ſuch we'll ſuppoſe the fond language of flowers)

'I

'I ſaw when you gave the baſe vi'let a kiſs:
'How—how could you ſtoop to a meanneſs like this?
'Shall a low, little wretch, whom we roſes deſpiſe,
'Find favour, O love! in my butterfly's eyes?
'On a tulip, quite tawdry, I ſaw your fond rape,
'Nor yet could the pitiful primroſe eſcape:
'Dull daffodils too, were with ardour addreſs'd,
'And poppies, ill-ſcented, you kindly careſs'd.'
The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a ſneer,
'That you're firſt to complain, I commend you, my dear!
'But know from your conduct my maxims I drew,
'And if I'm inconſtant, I copy from you.
'I ſaw the boy Zephirus riſle your charms,
'I ſaw how you ſimper'd and ſmil'd in his arms;
'The honey-bee kiſs'd you, you cannot diſown,
'You favour'd beſides—O diſhonour!—a drone;
'Yet worſe—'tis a crime that you muſt not deny,
'Your ſweets were made common, falſe roſe, to a fly.

MORAL.

This law long ago did Love's providence make,
That every coquet ſhould be curs'd with a rake.

DAMON

DAMON *and* PHEBE.

I.

WHEN the ſweet roſey morning firſt peep'd from the ſkies,
A loud ſinging lark bid the villagers riſe,
The cowſlips were lively—the primroſes gay,
And ſhed their beſt perfumes to welcome the May:
The ſwains and their ſweethearts all rang'd on the green,
Did homage to Phebe—and hail'd her their queen.

II.

Young Damon ſtep'd forward; he ſung in her praiſe,
And Phebe beſtow'd him a garland of bays:
May this wreath, ſaid the fair one, dear Lord of my vows,
A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows:
The ſwains and their ſweethearts that danc'd on the green,
Approv'd the fond preſent of Phebe their queen.

III.

III.

'Mong'ſt lords and fine ladies we ſhepherds are told,
The deareſt affections are barter'd for gold;
That diſcord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen ſhake hands in a cot:
At the church with fair Phebe ſince Damon has been;
He's rich as a monarch—ſhe's bleſt as a queen.

III.

A

PASTORAL HYMN

To JANUS.

On the BIRTH of the QUEEN.

Te primum pia thura rogent—te vota ſalutent,
——te Colat omnis domos.

MART. ad Janum.

I.

TO JANUS, gentle ſhepherds! raiſe a ſhrine:
His honours be divine!
And as to mighty PAN with homage bow:
To him, the virgin troop ſhall tribute bring;
Let him be hail'd like the green-liveried ſpring,
Spite of the wint'ry ſtorms that ſtain his brow.

II.

II.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of MAY,
Glides wantonly away:
But JANUARY, in his rough ſpun veſt,
Boaſts the full bleſſings that can never fade,
He that gave birth to the illuſtrious maid,
Whoſe beauties make the BRITISH MONARCH
bleſt!

III.

Could the ſoft ſpring with all her ſunny ſhowers,
The frolic nurſe of flowers!
Or flaunting ſummer, fluſh'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finiſh'd ſweet ſo rare:
Or from his golden ſtores, a gift ſo fair,
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er ſupply'd?

IV.

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay
As the white-hawthorn'd MAY!
The laughing goddeſs of the ſpring diſown'd,
HER roſy wreath ſhall on HIS brows appear,
Old JANUS as he leads, ſhall fill the year,
And the leſs fruitful AUTUMN be dethron'd.

V.

Above the other months ſupremely bleſt,
Glad JANUS ſtands confeſt!

He can behold with retroſpective face
The mighty bleſſings of the year gone by:
Where to connect a Monarch's nuptial tie,
Aſſembled ev'ry glory, ev'ry grace!

VI.

When he looks forward on the flatt'ring year,
The golden hours appear;
As in the ſacred reign of Saturn, fair:
Britain ſhall prove from this propitious date,
Her honours perfect, victories compleat,
And boaſt the brighteſt hopes, a BRITISH HEIR.

☞ The above little poem was wrote on ſuppoſition that her Majeſty's birth-day was *really* in the month of January.

STAN-

STANZAS

ON THE

FORWARDNESS of SPRING.

———*tibi, flores, plenis*
Ecce ferunt, nymphæ, calathis. VIR.

I.

O'ER Nature's freſh boſom, by verdure unbound,
Bleak Winter blooms lovely as Spring:
Rich flow'rets (how fragrant!) riſe wantonly round,
And Summer's wing'd choriſters ſing!

II.

To greet the young monarch of Britain's bleſt iſle,
The groves with gay bloſſoms are grac'd!
The primroſe peeps forth with an innocent ſmile,
And cowſlips crowd forward in haſte!

III.

Diſpatch, gentle Flora! the nymphs of your train
Thro' woodlands to gather each ſweet:
Go—rob, of young roſes, the dew-ſpangl'd plain,
And ſtrew the gay ſpoils at his feet.

IV.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the ſame,
For GEORGE, oh ye virgins, entwine!
From Conqueſt's own temples theſe evergreens came,
And thoſe from the brows of the Nine!

V.

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem implies)
What glory to GEORGE ſhall belong!
What Miltons, (the other) what Addiſons riſe
To make him immortal in ſong!

VI.

To a wreath of freſh Oak, England's emblem of pow'r!
Whoſe honours with time ſhall encreaſe!
Add a fair olive ſprig juſt unfolding its flow'r,
Rich token of Concord and Peace!

VII.

VII.

Next give him young Myrtles, by Beauties bright queen
Collected,—the pride of the grove!
How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!
Sweet promiſe of conjugal Love!

VIII.

Let Gaul's captive Lillies, cropt cloſe to the ground,
As trophies of Conqueſt be ty'd:
The virgins all cry, "there's not one to be found!
"Out-bloom'd by his Roſes—they dy'd."

IX.

Ye foes of Old England, ſuch fate ſhall ye ſhare;
With GEORGE, as our glories advance—
Thro' envy you'll ſicken,—you'll droop,—you'll deſpair,
And die—like the Lillies of France.

☞ As the forgoing ſtanzas have appeared anonymous in ſome periodical papers, 'tis thought neceſſary to obſerve that they were originally inſerted with the Author's name in an *Edinburgh* Magazine, 1761.

On the APPROACH *of* MAY.

I.

THE virgin, when ſoften'd by MAY,
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds ſweetly bill on the ſpray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs;

On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above!
We ſhepherds that dwell on the plain,
Hail MAY as the mother of love.

II.

From the weſt as it wantonly blows,
Fond zephir careſſes the vine:
The bee ſteals a kiſs from the roſe,
And willows and woodbines entwine:

The pinks by the rivulet ſide,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiſs the ſoft tide:
For MAY is the mother of love.

III.

III.

MAY tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array!
And if the wing'd foreſters ſing,
Their muſic is taught them by MAY.

The ſtock-dove, recluſe with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliſs in the grove,
And murmuring ſeems to repeat
That MAY is the mother of love.

IV.

The goddeſs will viſit ye ſoon,
Ye virgins be ſportive and gay:
Get your pipes, oh ye ſhepherds, in tune,
For muſic muſt welcome the MAY.

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguiſh remove,
Let him tell her ſoft tales, and he'll find
That MAY is the mother of love.

PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

I.

I Said,—on the banks by the ſtream,
I've pip'd for the ſhepherds too long:
Oh grant me, ye Muſes, a theme,
Where glory may brighten my ſong!

But PAN bade me ſtick to my ſtrain,
Nor leſſons too lofty rehearſe;
Ambition befits not a ſwain,
And PHILLIS loves paſtoral verſe.

II.

The roſe, tho' a beautiful red,
Looks faded to PHILLIS's bloom:
And the breeze from the bean-flow'r bed
To her breath's but a feeble perfume:

The dew-drop ſo limpid and gay,
That looſe on the violet lies,
Tho' brighten'd by PHEBUS's ray,
Wants luſtre, compar'd to her eyes.

III.

III.

A lilly I pluck'd in full pride,
Its freſhneſs with her's to compare;
And fooliſhly thought (till I try'd)
The flow'ret was equally fair.

How, CORYDON, could you miſtake?
Your fault be with ſorrow confeſt,
You ſaid the white Swans on the lake
For ſoftneſs might rival her breaſt.

IV.

While thus I went on in her praiſe,
My PHILLIS paſt ſportive along:
Ye poets I covet no bays,
She ſmil'd, a—reward for my ſong!

I find the God PAN's in the right,
No fame's like the fair ones applauſe!
And CUPID muſt crown with delight
The ſhepherd that ſings in his cauſe.

The

The VIOLET.

I.

SHelter'd from the blight ambition,
Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition
Laughing on the tufted bank.

II.

On my robes (for emulation)
No variety's impreſt:
Suited to an humble ſtation,
Mine's an unembroider'd veſt.

III

Modeſt tho' the maids declare me,
MAY in her fantaſtic train,
When PASTORA deigns to wear me,
Ha'nt a flow'ret half ſo vain.

The

The NARCISSUS.

I.

AS pendent o'er the limpid ſtream
I bow'd my ſnowey pride,
And languiſh'd in a fruitleſs flame,
For what the fates deny'd;

The fair PASTORA chanc'd to paſs,
With ſuch an Angel air,
I ſaw her in the wat'ry glaſs,
And lov'd the rival fair.

II.

Ye fates, no longer let me pine
A ſelf admiring ſweet,
Permit me by your grace divine
To kiſs the fair one's feet:

That if by chance the gentle maid,
My fragrance ſhould admire,
I may,—upon her boſom laid,
In ſiſter ſweets expire.

PO-

POMONA:

A PASTORAL.

I.

FROM orchards of ample extent,
Pomona's compel'd to depart;
And thus, as in anguiſh ſhe went,
The Goddeſs unburthen'd her heart:

II.

" To flouriſh where liberty reigns,
" Was all my fond wiſhes requir'd;
" And here I agreed with the ſwains,
" To live till their freedom expir'd.

III.

" Of late you have number'd my trees,
" And threaten'd to limit my ſtore:
" Alas—from ſuch maxims as theſe,
" I fear—that your freedom's no more.

IV.

" My flight will be fatal to May:
" For how can her gardens be fine?

" The

" The bloſſoms are doom'd to decay,
" (The bloſſoms, I mean, that were mine.)

V.

" Rich Autumn remembers me well:
" My fruitage was fair to behold!
" My pears!—how I ripen'd their ſwell!
" My pippins!—were pippins of gold!

VI.

" Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs!
" She droops as ſhe furrows the ſoil;
" A nectar I ſhake from my boughs,
" A nectar that ſoftens my toil.

VII.

" When Bacchus began to repine,
" With patience I bore his abuſe;
" He ſaid that I plunder'd the vine,
" He ſaid that I pilfer'd his juice.

VIII.

" I know the proud drunkard denies
" That trees of my culture ſhould grow:
" But let not the traitor adviſe;
" He comes from the climes of your foe.

IX.

IX.

" Alas! in your ſilence I read
" The ſentence I'm doom'd to deplore:
" 'Tis plain the great PAN has decreed,
" My orchard ſhall flouriſh no more."

X.

The Goddeſs flew off in deſpair;
As all her ſweet honours declin'd:
And PLENTY and PLEASURE declare,
They'll loiter no longer behind.

FANCY:

A SONG *in a Pantomime Entertainment.*

I.

FANCY leads the fetter'd ſenſes
Captives to her fond controul;
Merit may have rich pretences,
But 'tis fancy fires the ſoul.

II.

II.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning
FANCY flies, a fairy queen!
FANCY, wit and worth diſdaining,
Gives the prize to HARLEQUIN.

III.

If the virgin's falſe forgive her,
FANCY was your only foe:
CUPID claims the dart and quiver,
But 'tis fancy twangs the bow.

The FOX *and the* CAT:

A FABLE.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travel'd one day,
With moral diſcourſes cut ſhorter the way:
'Tis great, ſays the Fox, to make juſtice our guide!
'How godlike is mercy, Grimalkin reply'd.'

Whilſt thus they proceeded,—a Wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirſting for blood,
Ruſh'd forth—as he ſaw the dull ſhepherd aſleep,
And ſeiz'd for his ſupper an innocent ſheep.

In

In vain, wretch'd victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton's at hand, ſays the wolf I muſt eat.

Grimalkin's aſtoniſh'd,—The Fox ſtood agaſt,
To ſee the fell beaſt at his bloody repaſt.
'What a wretch, ſays the cat, 'tis the vileſt of brutes:
'Does he feed upon fleſh, when there's herbage,
——and roots?
'Cries the Fox--while our oaks give us acorns ſo
good,
'What a tyrant is this to ſpill innocent blood?'

Well, onward they march'd, and they mora-
liz'd ſtill,
'Till they came where ſome poultry pick'd chaff
by a mill:
Sly Reynard ſurvey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (ſpite of morals) a pullet his prize.

A mouſe too, that chanc'd from her covert to ſtray,
The greedy Grimalkin ſecur'd as her prey.

A Spider that ſat in her web on the wall,
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall;
She cry'd--of ſuch murders how guiltleſs am I!
So ran to regale on a new taken fly.

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom
we blame,
But tax not ourſelves, tho' we practiſe the ſame.

The

The MILLER:
A BALLAD.

I.

IN a plain pleaſant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and ſome meadows—a freehold eſtate,
A well-meaning miller by labour ſupplies,
Thoſe bleſſings that grandeur to great ones denies:

No paſſions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His conſtant companions are health and content;
Their lordſhips in lace may remark if they will,
He's honeſt tho' daub'd with the duſt of his mill.

II.

Ere the larks early carrols ſalute the new day
He ſprings from his cottage as jocund as May;
He chearfully whiſtles, regardleſs of care,
Or ſings the laſt ballad he bought at the fair:

While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of ſtate,
Or bribing elections in hopes to be great,

No fraud, or ambition his boſom does fill,
Contented he works, if there's griſt for his mill.

III.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his homeſpun array,
At church he's the loudeſt, to chaunt or to pray:
He ſits to a dinner of plain Engliſh food,
Tho' ſimple the pudding, his appetite's good.

At night, when the prieſt and exciſeman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouſe with *Roger* and *John*,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill;
No monarch more bleſt than the man of the mill.

The LVIII. ODE of ANACREON imitated.

AS I wove with wanton care,
Fillets for a virgin's hair,
Culling for my fond deſign,
What the fields had freſh and fine:
CUPID,—and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a couſlip bell;
While he plum'd a pointed dart,
Fated to inflame the heart.

Glow

Glowing with malicious joy,
Sudden I ſecur'd the boy
And, regardleſs of his cries,
Bore the little frighted prize
Where the mighty goblet ſtood,
Teeming with a roſy flood.

Urchin, in my rage, I cry'd,
What avails thy ſaucy pride,
From thy buſy vengeance free,
Triumph, now, belongs to me!
Thus——I drown thee in my cup;
Thus——in wine I drink thee up.

Fatal was the nectar'd draught
That to murder LOVE I quaff'd,
O'er my boſom's fond domains,
Now, the cruel tyrant reigns:
On my heart's moſt tender ſtrings,
Striking with his wanton wings,
I'm for ever doom'd to prove
All the inſolence of love.

A

LANDSCAPE.

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes.
——VIRG.

I.

NOW that ſummer's ripen'd bloom
Frolicks where the winter frown'd
Stretch'd upon theſe banks of broom,
We command the landſcape round.

II.

Nature in the proſpect yields
Humble dales, and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths,—and fields
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

III.

Goats upon that frowning ſteep,
Fearleſs, with their kidlings brouſe!

Here

Here a flock of ſnowy ſheep!
There an herd of motly cows!

IV.

On the uplands, every glade
Brightens in the blaze of day;
O'er the vales, the ſober ſhade
Softens to an evening grey.

V.

Where the rill by ſlow degrees
Swells into a chryſtal pool,
Shaggy rocks and ſhelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

VI.

Shiver'd by a thunder-ſtroke,
From the mountain's miſty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
Near the farm-houſe, forms a bridge.

VII.

On her breaſt the ſunny beam
Glitters in meridian pride;
Yonder as the virgin ſtream
Haſtens to the reſtleſs tide:——

VIII.

Where the ſhips by wanton gales
Wafted, o'er the green waves run.
Sweet to ſee their ſwelling ſails
Whiten'd by the laughing ſun!

IX.

High upon the daſied hill,
Riſing from the ſlope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the buſy breeze!——

X.

Cheerful as a ſummer's morn
(Bouncing from her loaded pad)
Where the maid preſents her corn,
Smirking, to the miller's lad.

XI.

O'er the green a feſtal throng
Gambols, in fantaſtic trim!
As the full cart moves along,
Hearken——'tis their harveſt hymn!

XII.

Linnets on the crowded ſprays
Chorus,—and the wood-larks riſe,

Soaring

oaring with a ſong of praiſe,
Till the ſweet notes reach the ſkies.

XIII.

Torrents in extended ſheets
Down the cliffs, dividing, break;
Twixt the hills the water meets,
Settling in a ſilver lake!

XIV.

From his languid flocks, the ſwain
By the ſunbeams ſore oppreſt,
Plunging on the wat'ry plain,
Plows it with his glowing breaſt.

XV.

Where the mantling willows nod,
From the green bank's ſlopy ſide,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod
Many an angler breaks the tide!

XVI.

On the iſles, with oſiers dreſt
Many a fair-plum'd halcion breeds!
Many a wild bird hides her neſt,
Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.

XVII.

Fork-tail'd pratlers as they paſs
To their neſtlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glaſs,
Seem to kiſs the mimick'd flock.

XVIII.

Where the ſtone Croſs lifts its head,
Many a ſaint and pilgrim hoar,
Up the hills was wont to tread
Barefoot, in the days of yore.

XIX.

Guardian of a ſacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon reverend ſhades,
Whilome, in that ſhatter'd cell,
Many an hermit told his beads.

XX.

Sultry miſts ſurround the heath
Where the Gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath,
Tott'ring with a load of years.

XXI.

Turn to the contraſted ſcene,
Where, beyond theſe hoary piles,

Gay,

Gay, upon the riſing green,
Many an attic building ſmiles!

XXII.

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling ſhade and light!
Lengthen'd viſtas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight.

XXIII.

Hamlets—villages, and ſpires,
Scatter'd on the landſcape lie,
Till the diſtant view retires,
Cloſing in an azure ſky.

To the Hon. Maſter *B*——.

Sent with a ſelect Collection of Books.

THO', gentle youth, thy calm untainted mind,
Be like a morning in the ſpring, ſerene,
Time may commit the paſſions unconfin'd,
To the rude rigour of a noontide reign.

Then,

Then, in the morn of placid life be wiſe,
And travel thro' the groves of ſcience ſoon,
There cull the plants of virtue that may riſe,
A peaceful ſhelter from that ſultry noon.

On ſeeing W. R. CHETWOOD chearful in Priſon.

I.

SAY, lov'd Content—fair goddeſs, ſay,
Where ſhall I ſeek thy ſoft retreat,
How ſhall I find thy halcion ſeat,
Or trace thy ſecret way?

II.

Love pointed out a pleaſing ſcene,
Where nought but beauty could be found,
With roſes and with myrtles crown'd,
And nam'd thee for its queen.

III.

Deluſion all!——a ſpecious cheat!
At my approach the roſes fade,

I found each fragrance quite decay'd,
And curs'd the fond deceit.

IV.

At courts I've try'd where ſplendor ſhone,
Where pomp and gilded cares reſide,
'Midſt endleſs hurry, endleſs pride,
But there thou waſt unknown.

V.

Yet in the captive's dreary cell,
Lodg'd with a long experienc'd ſage,
With the fam'd * CHIRON of the ſtage
The goddeſs deign'd to dwell.

VI.

Integrity, and truth ſerene,
Had eas'd the labours of his breaſt,
And lull'd his peaceful heart to reſt
'Midſt perfidy and pain.

VII.

A ſoul like his, diſrob'd of guile,
With native innocence elate,
Above the keeneſt rage of fate
Can greet her with a ſmile.

* He had been thirty years prompter at the *London* theatres.

ME-

MELODY.

I.

Lightſome, as if convey'd by ſparrows,
Love and beauty croſs'd the plains,
Flights of little pointed arrows
Love diſpatch'd among the ſwains.

But ſo much our ſhepherds dread him,
(Spoiler of their peace profound)
Swift as ſcudding fawns they fled him,
Frighted, tho' they felt no wound.

II.

Now the wanton God grown ſlier,
And for each fond miſchief ripe,
Comes diſguis'd in PAN's attire,
Tuning ſweet an oaten pipe.

Echo, by the winding river,
Doubles his deluding ſtrains;

While

While the boy conceals his quiver,
From the ſlow returning ſwains.

III.

As Palemon, unſuſpecting,
Prais'd the ſly muſician's art;
Love, his light diſguiſe rejecting,
Lodg'd an arrow in his heart.

Cupid will inforce your duty,
Shepherds, and would have you taught,
Thoſe that timid fly from BEAUTY,
May by melody be caught.

AN ELEGY ON A PILE of RUINS.

Aſpice murorum moles, præruptaque ſaxa!
JANUS VITALIS.
Omnia, tempus edax depaſcitur, omnia carpit.
SENECA

I.

IN the full proſpect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths, and cultivated plains;
The veſtage of an ancient abbey ſtands,
Cloſe by a ruin'd caſtle's rude remains.

II.

Half buried, there, lie many a broken buſt,
And obeliſk, and urn, o'erthrown by TIME;
And many a cherub, there, deſcends in duſt
From the rent roof, and portico ſublime.

III.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the ſound
Of fragments, tumbling from the Tow'rs on high;

Plunge

Plunge to their ſource in ſecret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

IV.

Where rev'rend ſhrines in Gothic grandeur ſtood,
The nettle, or the noxious night ſhade, ſpreads;
And aſhlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

V.

There Contemplation, to the croud unknown,
Her attitude compos'd and aſpect ſweet!
Sits muſing on a monumental ſtone,
And points the MEMENTO at her feet.

VI.

Soon as ſage ev'ning check'd day's ſunny pride,
I left the mantling ſhade, in moral mood;
And ſeated by the maid's ſequeſter'd ſide,
Sigh'd, as the mould'ring monuments I view'd.

VII.

Inexorably calm, with ſilent pace
Here TIME has paſs'd—What ruin marks his way!
This, pile now crumbling o'er its hallow'd baſe,
Turn'd not his ſtep, nor could his courſe delay.

VIII.

VIII.

Religion rais'd her ſupplicating eyes
In vain; and Melody, her ſong ſublime:
In vain, Philoſophy, with maxims wiſe,
Would teach the cold unfeeling heart of TIME.

IX.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to ſpare,
Relented when he ſtruck its finiſh'd pride;
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tott'ring tow'rs with twiſt'd Ivy tied.

X.

How ſolemn is the cell o'ergrown with moſs,
That terminates the view, yon cloiſter'd way!
In the cruſh'd wall, a time-corroded croſs,
Religion like, ſtands mould'ring in decay!

XI.

Where the mild ſun, thro' ſaint-encypher'd glaſs,
Illum'd with yellow light yon duſky iſle;
Many rapt hours might Meditation paſs,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

XII.

And Piety, with myſtic-meaning beads,
Bowing to ſaints on ev'ry ſide inurn'd,

Trod

Trod oft the ſolitary path, that leads
Where, now, the ſacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

XIII.

Thro' the grey grove, between thoſe with'ring trees,
'Mongſt a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half waſted like a Niobe in tears:

XIV.

Low level'd in the duſt her darling's laid!
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety diſſuade,
Or ſoften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

XV.

The relicks of a mitred ſaint may reſt,
Where, mould'ring in the niche, his ſtatue ſtands;
Now nameleſs, as the croud that kiſs'd his veſt,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

XVI.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illuſtrious Chieftain lie;

As trac'd among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken FAME imply.

XVII.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vaſſal plain,
His rights and rich demeſnes extended wide!
That honour, and her knights, compos'd his train,
And chivalry ſtood marſhal'd by his ſide!

XVIII.

Tho' to the clouds his caſtle ſeem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the deſp'rate foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the conqueror, TIME,
Level'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

XIX.

Where the light lyre gave many a ſoft'ning ſound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of diſcord, dwell;
And where ſociety ſat ſweetly crown'd,
Eternal ſolitude has fix'd her cell.

XX.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
Where the ſage matron and her maidens ſat,
Sweet-ſinging at the ſilver-working loom.

XXI.

XXI.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waſte;
And the rude winds inceſſant ſeem to roar,
Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often ſigh'd in days of yore.

XXII.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a chryſtal cool ſupply!
In the deep duſt their barren beauties hide:
TIME's thirſt, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry!

XXIII.

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were ſpent,
With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
And the ſweet brow of beauty, ſtill unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

XXIV.

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they muſt;
Not to be ſtay'd by maſque, or midnight roar!
Nor ſhall a pulſe amongſt that mould'ring duſt,
Beat wanton at the ſmiles of Beauty more!

XXV.

Can the deep ſtateſman, ſkill'd in great deſign,
Protract, but for a day, precarious breath?

Or the tun'd follower of the ſacred Nine,
Sooth, with his melody, inſatiate Death?

XXVI.

No—tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thouſand guards around;
Unerring, and unſeen, the ſhaft of fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

XXVII.

What then avails Ambition's wide ſtreach'd wing,
The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom!
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich rob'd king
Level'd, lie mix'd promiſcuous in the tomb.

XXVIII.

The Macedonian monarch, wiſe and good,
Bade, when the morning's roſy reign began,
Courtiers ſhould call, as round his couch they ſtood,
"PHILIP! remember, thou'rt no more than man.

XXIX.

"Tho' glory ſpread thy name from pole to pole;
"Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and juſt;
"PHILIP, reflect, thou'rt poſting to the goal,
"Where mortals mix in undiſtinguiſh'd duſt!"

XXX.

XXX.

So SALADIN, for arts and arms renown'd,
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains ſubdu'd)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the periſhable pomp he view'd:

XXXI.

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conqueſt dreſt;
Conſpicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a ſpear, his burial veſt:

XXXII.

While thus the herald cry'd—"This ſon of pow'r,
"This SALADIN, to whom the nations bow'd;
"May, in the ſpace of one revolving hour,
"Boaſt of no other ſpoil, but yonder ſhroud!"

XXXIII.

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour ſteel'd;
Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And ſay, while mem'ry weeps the blood-ſtain'd field,
Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

XXXIV.

Vain then are pyramids, and motto'd ſtones,
And monumental trophies rais'd on high!

For TIME confounds them with the crumbling bones,
That mix'd in haſty graves unnotic'd lie.

XXXV.

Reſts not, beneath the turf, the peaſant's head,
Soft as the lords, beneath the labour'd tomb?
Or ſleeps one colder, in his cloſe clay bed;
Than t'other, in the wide vault's dreary womb?

XXXVI.

Hither, let LUXURY lead her looſe-rob'd train;
Here flutter PRIDE, on purple-painted wings:
And, from the moral proſpect, learn—how vain
The wiſh, that ſighs for ſublunary things!

An INSCRIPTION

On the Houſe at Mavis-bank *near* Edinburgh.

Situated in a GROVE.

Parva domus! nemeroſa quies!
Sis tu, quoque noſtris
Hoſpitium, laribus, ſubſidiumque diu!
Poſtes tuas, Flora ornet, Pomonaque menſas!
Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes!

Et

Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,
Retia ſola canent quæ ſibi tendit amor!
Floriferi colles, dulces mihi ſæpe receſſus
Dent, atque hoſpitibus gaudia plena meis!
Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel ſero ſeneſcas,
Seroque terrenas experiare vices!
Integra reddantur quæ plurima ſæcula rodant
Detur, et ut ſenio pulchrior eniteas.

The INSCRIPTION *imitated.*

I.

PEACE has explor'd the ſilvan ſcene,
She courts your calm retreat,
Ye groves of variegated green,
That grace my genial ſeat!

Here, in the lap of lenient eaſe,
(Remote from mad'ning noiſe)
Let me delude a length of days,
In dear domeſtic joys!

II.

Long may the parent queen of flow'rs
Her fragrance here diſplay!
Long may ſhe paint my mantling bow'rs,
And make my portals gay!

Nor you—my yellow gardens, fail
To ſwell Pomona's hoard!
So ſhall the plenteous, rich regale—
Repleniſh, long, my board!

III.

Pour through the groves your carols clear,
Ye birds, nor bondage dread:
If any toils intangle here,
'Tis thoſe that love hath ſpread.

Where the green hill ſo gradual ſlants,
Or flowry glade extends,
Long may theſe fair, theſe fav'rite haunts,
Prove ſocial to my friends!

IV.

May you preſerve perpetual bloom,
My happy halcion ſeat!
Or if fell time denounce thy doom,
Far diſtant be its date!

And when he makes, with iron rage,
Thy youthful pride his prey,
Long may the honours of thy age
Be reverenc'd in decay!

Another INSCRIPTION *on the ſame Houſe.*

Hanc in gremio reſonantis ſilvæ
Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu
Cæteriſque ruris honoribus
Undique renidentem villam
Non magnificam——non ſuperbam,
At qualem vides,
Commodam, mundam, genialem
Naturæ parem, ſocians artem.
Sibi, ſuiſque
Ad vitam placide,
Et tranquille agendum
Deſignavit, inſtruxitque.
D. I. C.

IMITATED.

I.

IN the deep boſom of my grove
A ſweet receſs ſurvey!
Where birds, with elegies of love,
Make vocal every ſpray.
A ſilvan ſpot, with woods—with waters crown'd,—
With all the rural honours blooming round!

II.

II.

This little, but commodious ſeat,
(Where nature weds with art)
A'nt to the EYE ſuperbly great,
Its beauties charm the HEART.
Here, may the happy founder and his race,
Paſs their full days in harmony and peace!

DELIA; *A* PASTORAL.

I.

THE gentle ſwan with graceful pride
Her gloſſy plumage laves,
And ſailing down the ſilver tide,
Divides the whiſp'ring waves.

The ſilver tide, that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird muſt be!
But not ſo ſweet—blyth Cupid knows,
As DELIA is to me.

II.

A parent bird in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree ſung,

And

And ſtill the pendent neſt ſhe view'd,
That held her callow young:

Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart,
The genial brood muſt be:
But not ſo dear (the thouſandth part!)
As DELIA is to me.

III.

The roſes that my brow ſurround,
Were natives of the dale:
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their ſweets grew pale!

My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckleſs torn from thee;
For what the root is to the roſe,
My DELIA is to me.

IV.

Two doves I found like new-fall'n ſnow,
So white the beauteous pair!
The birds to DELIA I'll beſtow,
They're like her boſom fair!

When, in their chaſte connubial love,
My ſecret wiſh ſhe'll ſee;
Such mutual bliſs as turtles prove,
May DELIA ſhare with me!

The Sheep *and the* Bramble-Buſh:

A FABLE.

A Thick-twiſted brake in the time of a ſtorm
Seem'd kindly to cover a ſheep:
So ſnug, for a while, he lay ſhelter'd and warm,
It quietly ſooth'd him aſleep.

The clouds are now ſcatter'd—the winds are at peace,
The ſheep's to his paſture inclin'd;
But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,
Conſider before you get in;
Tho' judgment and ſentence are paſt on your ſide,
By Jove, you'll be fleec'd to your ſkin.

MAY-

MAY-EVE: Or,

KATE *of* ABERDEEN.

I.

THE ſiver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals ſoftly through the night,
To wanton with the winding ſtream,
And kiſs reflected light.

To beds of ſtate go balmy ſleep,
('Tis where you have ſeldom been)
May's vigil whilſt the ſhepherds keep
With KATE of Aberdeen.

II.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In roſy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.

Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promis'd May, when ſeen,
Not half ſo fragrant, half ſo fair,
As KATE of Aberdeen.

III.

III.

Strike up the tabor's boldeſt notes,
We'll rouſe the nodding grove;
The neſted birds ſhall raiſe their throats,
And hail the maid I love:

And ſee—the matin lark miſtakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis KATE of Aberdeen.

IV.

Now lightſome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.

For ſee the roſy May draws nigh:
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark the happy ſhepherds cry
'Tis KATE of Aberdeen.

The SYCAMORE SHADE:
A BALLAD.

I.

T'Other day as I ſate in the Sycamore Shade,
Young Damon came whiſtling along,
I trembled—I bluſh'd—a poor innocent maid!
And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.

Silly

Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!
Young Damon deſigns you no ill;
The ſhepherd's ſo civil you've nothing to fear,
Then prythee, fond urchin, lie ſtill.

II.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
One kiſs he demanded—No more!
But urg'd the ſoft preſſure with ardour ſo ſweet,
I could not begrudge him a ſcore.

My lambkins I've kiſs'd, and no change ever found,
Many times as we play'd on the hill:
But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
Nor would the fond urchin lie ſtill.

III.

When the ſun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore Shade
For ſhelter, I'm ſure to repair;
And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,
Altho' the dear ſhepherd be there.

At ev'ry fond kiſs that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound if it will;
There's ſomething ſo ſweet in the buſtle it makes,
I'll die ere I bid it lie ſtill.

The

The XXXIII. ODE of ANACREON imitated.

To the SWALLOW.

SOON as ſummer glad the ſky,
Hither, gentle bird, you fly;
And with golden ſunſhine bleſt,
Build your pretty plaſter'd neſt.

When the ſeaſons ceaſe to ſmile,
(Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile)
Charming bird, you diſappear
Till the kind ſucceeding year.

Like the Swallow, LOVE, depart!
Reſpite for a while my heart.

No, he'll never leave his neſt,
Tyrant tenant of my breaſt

There

There a thouſand WISHES try
On their callow wings to fly;
There you may a thouſand tell,
Pertly peeping through the ſhell:
In a ſtate unfiniſh'd, riſe
Thouſands of a ſmaller ſize.

Till their noiſy chirpings ceaſe,
Never ſhall my heart have peace.

Feather'd ones the younglings feed,
Till mature they're fit to breed;
Then, to ſwell the crowded ſtore,
They produce their thouſands more:
Nor can mighty numbers count
In my breaſt their vaſt amount.

LOVE *and* CHASTITY:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

FRom the high mount*, whence ſacred groves depend,
Diana and her virgin troop deſcend;
And while the bulkin'd maids with active care,
The buſineſs of the daily chace prepare:
A favourite nymph ſteps forward from the throng,
And thus, exulting, ſwells the jovial ſong.

AIR.

Jolly HEALTH ſprings aloft at the loud ſounding horn,
Unlock'd from ſoft SLUMBER's embrace;
And Joy ſings an hymn to ſalute the ſweet morn,
That ſmiles on the nymphs of the chace.
The rage of fell Cupid no boſom prophanes,
No rancour diſturbs our delight,
All the day with freſh VIGOUR we ſweep o'er the plains;
And ſleep with CONTENTMENT all night.

Their

* *Mount Latmos.*

RECIT.

Their clamour rous'd the ſlighted god of love:
He flies, indignant, to the ſacred grove:
Immortal myrtles wreathe his golden hair,
His roſy wings perfume the wanton air;
Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell deſigns declare.
A crimſon bluſh o'er ſpreads fair Dian's face,
A frown ſucceeds—She ſtops the ſpringing chace,
And thus, forbids the boy the conſecrated place:

AIR.

Fond diſturber of the heart,
From theſe halcion ſhades depart:
Here's a blooming troop diſdains
Love, and his fantaſtic chains.
Sifters of the ſilver bow,
Pure and chaſte as virgin ſnow,
Melt not at thy feeble fires,
Wanton god of wild deſires!

RECIT.

Rage and revenge divide Love's little breaſt,
Whilſt thus the angry goddeſs he addreſt:

AIR.

Virgin ſnow does oft remain
Long unmelted on the plain,

Till the glorious god of day
Smiles, and waſtes its pride away.

What is Sol's meridian fire
To the darts of ſtrong deſire!
Love can light a raging flame
Hotter than his noontide beam.

RECIT.

Now, through the forreſt's brown-embower'd ways,
With careleſs ſteps the young Endimion ſtrays:
His form erect!—looſe flows his lovely hair,
His glowing cheek, like youthful Hebe's, fair!
His graceful limbs with eaſe and vigour move,
His eyes—his ev'ry feature form'd for love:
Around the liſt'ning woods attentive hung,

RECIT.

As on the painted turf the ſhepherd lies,
Sleep's downy curtain ſhades his lovely eyes;
And now a ſporting breeze his boſom ſhews
As marble ſmooth, and white as Alpine ſnows:
The Goddeſs gaz'd, in magic ſoftneſs bound;
Her ſilver bow falls uſeleſs to the ground!
Love laugh'd, and ſure of conqueſt, wing'd a dart
Unerring, to her undefended heart.
She feels in every vein the fatal fire,
And thus perſwades her virgins to retire:

AIR.

Ye tender maids be timely wiſe;
Love's wanton fury ſhun!
In flight alone your ſafety lies,
The daring are undone!

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His form erect!—looſe flows his lovely hair,
His glowing cheek, like youthful Hebe's, fair!
His graceful limbs with eaſe and vigour move,
His eyes—his ev'ry feature form'd for love:
Around the liſt'ning woods attentive hung,
While thus, invoking ſleep, the ſhepherd ſung:

AIR.

Where the pebbled ſtreamlet glides
Near the wood nymph's ruſtic grot,
If the god of ſleep reſides,
Or in Pan's ſequeſter'd cot;
Heither if he'll lightly tread,
Follow'd by a gentle dream,
We'll enjoy this graſſy bed,
On the bank beſide the ſtream.

RE-

RECIT.

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Sleep's downy curtain ſhades his lovely eyes;
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She feels in every vein the fatal fire,
And thus perſwades her virgins to retire:

AIR.

I

Ye tender maids be timely wiſe;
Love's wanton fury ſhun!
In flight alone your ſafety lies,
The daring are undone!

II.

Do blue-ey'd doves, ſerenely mild,
With vultures fell engage!
Do lambs provoke the lion wild,
Or tempt the tyger's rage!

III.

No, no, like fawns, ye virgins fly,
To ſecret cells remove;
Nor dare the doubtful combat try
'Twixt CHASTITY and LOVE.

DAMON *and* PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Donec gratus eram, &c. HOR.

DAMON.

WHEN Phillis was faithful, and fond as ſhe's fair,
I twiſted young roſes in wreaths for my hair:
But ah! the ſad willow's a ſhade for my brows,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vows!
To the groves with young Collin the ſhepherdeſs flies,
While Damon diſturbs the ſtill plains with his ſighs.

PHILLIS.

Bethink thee, falſe Damon, before you upbraid,
When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yeſterday ſtray'd,
Thro' the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis forgot!
And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot;
A ſwain ſo deceitful no damſel can prize;
'Tis Phœbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your ſighs.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Like ſummer's full ſeaſon young Phœbe is kind,
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind!
The ſweets of contentment her cottage adorn,
She's fair as the roſe-bud, and freſh as the morn!
She ſmiles like Pomona.—Theſe ſmiles I'd reſign,
If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

PHILLIS.

On the tabor young Collin ſo prettily plays!
He ſings me ſweet ſonnets, and writes in my praiſe!
He choſe me his true-love laſt Valentine's day,
When birds ſat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the ſpray;
Yet I'd drive the gay ſhepherd far, far from my mind,
If Damon, the rover, were conſtant and kind.

DAMON.

Fine folk, my ſweet Phillis, may revel and range,
But fleeting's the pleaſure that's founded on change!
In the villager's cottage ſuch conſtancy ſprings,
That peaſants with pity may look down on kings.
To the church then let's haſten, our tranſports to bind,
And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

PHILLIS.

To the church then let's haſten, our tranſports to bind,
And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind.

FORTUNE:

An APOLOGUE.

Fabula narratur.

I.

JOVE and his ſenators, in ſage debate
For Man's felicity, were ſettling laws,
When a rude roar that ſhook the ſacred gate,
Turn'd their attention to enquire the cauſe.

II.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudeſt of his race!
In the rough garniture of grief array'd,
Came brawling to the high imperial place,
Let me have Juſtice, JUPITER!—he bray'd.

III.

III.

" I am an aſs, of innocence allow'd
" The type, yet FORTUNE perſecutes me ſtill;
" Whilſt foxes, wolves, and all the murd'ring crowd,
" Beneath her patronage can rob and kill.

IV.

" The pamper'd horſe, (he never toil'd ſo hard!)
" Favour and friendſhip from his owner finds:
" For endleſs diligence,—(a rough reward!)
" I'm cudgel'd by a race of paltry hinds.

V.

" On wretched provender compel'd to feed!
" The rugged pavements ev'ry night my bed!
" For me, dame FORTUNE never yet decreed,
" The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd ſhed.

VI.

" Rough and unſeemly's my irreverent hide!
" Where can I viſit—thus uncouthly dreſt?
" That outſide elegance the dame deny'd,
" For which her fav'rites are too oft careſs'd.

VII.

VII.

" To ſuff'ring virtue, ſacred JOVE, be kind!
" From FORTUNE's tyranny pronounce m free!
" She's a deceiver, if ſhe ſays ſhe's blind,
" She ſees, propitiouſly ſees all——but me."

VIII.

The plaintiff cou'd articulate no more:
His boſom heav'd a moſt tremendous groan!
The race of long-ear'd wretches join'd the roar,
Till JOVE ſeem'd tott'ring on his high-built throne.

IX.

The Monarch with an all-commanding Sound,
(Deepen'd like thunder through the rounds of ſpace)
Gave order, that dame FORTUNE ſhould be found,
To anſwer, as ſhe might, the plaintiff's caſe.

X.

Soldiers, and citizens, a ſeemly train!
And lawyers and phyſicians, ſought her cell;
With many a ſchoolman—But their ſearch was vain:
Few can the reſidence of FORTUNE tell.

XI.

XI.

Where the wretch *Avarice* was wont to hide
His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare;
'Twas rumour'd that dame FORTUNE did reſide,
And JOVE's ambaſſadors were poſted there.

XII.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments dreſt,
A feeble porter at the gate they found:
Doubled with wretchedneſs—with age diſtreſt,
And on his wrinkled forehead *Famine* frown'd.

XIII.

Mortals avaunt, the trembling ſpectre cries,
" 'Ere you invade theſe ſacred haunts, beware!
" To guard Lord *Avarice* from rude ſurprize,
" I am the centinel—my name is *Care*.

XIV.

" *Doubts*, *Diſappointments*, *Anarchy of Mind*,
" Theſe are the ſoldiers that ſurround his hall:
" And every *Fury* that can laſh mankind,
" *Rage*, *Rancour* and *Revenge* attend his call.

XV.

" FORTUNE's gone forth, you ſeek a wand'ring dame,
" A ſettled reſidence the harlot ſcorns:
" Curſe

" Curſe on ſuch viſitants, ſhe never came,
" But with a cruel hand ſhe ſcatter'd thorns!

XVI.

" To the green vale, yon ſhelt'ring hills ſurround,
" Go forward, you'll arrive at *Wiſdoms* cell:
" Would you be taught where FORTUNE may be found,
" None can direct your anxious ſearch ſo well."

XVII.

Forward they went, o'er many a dreary ſpot:
(Rough was the road, as if untrod before)
Till from the caſement of a low-roof'd cot
Wiſdom perceiv'd them and unbarr'd her door.

XVIII.

Wiſdom, (ſhe knew of FORTUNE but the name)
Gave to their queſtions a ſerene reply:
" Hither, ſhe ſaid, if e'er that goddeſs came
" I ſaw her not—ſhe paſs'd unnotic'd by."

XIX.

" Abroad with *Contemplation* oft I roam,
" And leave to *Poverty* my humble cell:
" She's my domeſtic, never ſtirs from home,
" If FORTUNE has been here, 'tis ſhe can tell.

XX.

XX.

" The Matron eyes us from yon mantling ſhade,
" And ſee her ſober footſteps this way bent!
" Mark by her ſide a little roſe-lip'd maid,
" 'Tis my young daughter, and her name's
Content."

XXI.

As *Poverty* advanc'd with lenient grace,
" FORTUNE, ſhe cry'd hath never yet been here:
" But *Hope*, a gentle neighbour of this place,
" Tells me, her Highneſs may, in time, appear.

XXII.

" *Felicity*, no doubt, adorns their lot,
" On whom her golden bounty beams divine!
" Yet tho' ſhe never reach our ruſtic cot,
" *Patience* will viſit us—we ſhan't repine."

XXIII.

After a vaſt (but unavailing) round,
The meſſengers returning in diſpair;
On an high hill a fairy manſion found,
And hop'd the goddeſs, FORTUNE, might be
there.

XXIV.

XXIV.

The dome, ſo glittering, it amaz'd the ſight,
('Twas adamant, with gems encruſted o'er)
Had not a caſement to admit the light,
Nor could JOVE's deputies deſcry the door.

XXV.

But eager to conclude a tedious chace,
And anxious to return from whence they came,
Thrice thy invok'd the Genius of the place:
Thrice utter'd awfully, JOVE's ſacred name.

XXVI.

As *Echo* from the hill announc'd high JOVE,
Illuſion and her fairy dome withdrew:
(Like the light miſt by early ſunbeams drove)
And FORTUNE ſtood reveal'd to public view.

XXVII.

Oft for that happineſs high courts deny'd,
To this receptacle dame FORTUNE ran:
When harraſs'd, it was here ſhe us'd to hide,
From the wild ſuit of diſcontented *Man*.

XXVIII.

Proſtrate, the deligates their charge declare,
(Happy the courtier that ſalutes her feet!)

FOR-

FORTUNE receiv'd them with a flatt'ring air,
And joyn'd them till they reach'd JOVE's judg-
ment ſeat.

XXIX.

Men of all ranks at that illuſtrious place
Were gather'd; tho' from diff'rent motives
keen:
Many—to ſee dame FORTUNE's radiant face,
Many—by radiant FORTUNE to be ſeen.

XXX.

JOVE ſmil'd, as on a fav'rite he eſteems,
He gave her, near his own, a golden ſeat:
Fair FORTUNE's an adventurer, it ſeems,
The deities themſelves are glad to greet.

XXXI.

" Daughter, ſays JUPITER, you're ſore accus'd!
" *Clamour* inceſſantly reviles your name!
" If, by the rancour of that wretch abus'd,
" Be confident, and vindicate your fame.

XXXII.

" Tho' peſter'd daily with complaints from *Man*,
" Through this conviction I record them not;
" Let my kind providence do all it can,
" None of that ſpecies ever lik'd his lot.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

" But the poor quadrupede that now appeals!
" Can wanton cruelty the weak purſue!
" Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
" And all his wretchedneſs he lays to you."

XXXIV.

" Aſk him—high JUPITER—reply'd the dame,
" In what he has excell'd his long-ear'd claſs?
" Is FORTUNE (a divinity) to blame
" That ſhe deſcends not to regard—an Aſs?"

XXXV.

Fame enter'd in her rolls the ſage reply;
The dame, defendant, was diſcharg'd with grace!
Go—(to the plaintiff, ſaid the Sire) and try
By merit to ſurmount your low-born race.

XXXVI.

Learn from the *Lion* to be juſt and brave,
Take from the *Eliphant* inſtruction wiſe;
With gracious breeding like the *Horſe* behave,
Nor the ſagacity of *Hounds* deſpiſe.

XXXVII.

Theſe uſeful qualities with care imbibe,
For which the quadrupedes are juſtly priz'd:
At-

Attain thoſe talents that adorn each tribe,
And you'll no longer be a wretch deſpis'd.

BALLADS, &c.

The WARNING.

I.

YOUNG Colin once court'd Myrtilla the prude,
If he ſigh'd or look'd tender, ſhe cry'd he was rude;
Tho' he beg'd, with devotion, ſome eaſe for his pain,
The ſhepherd got nothing but frowns and diſdain.
Fatigu'd with her folly, his ſuit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female ſhould fetter him more.

II.

He ſtrove with all caution to 'ſcape from the net,
But Chloe ſoon caught him,—a finiſh'd coquet!
She glanc'd to his glances, ſhe ſigh'd to his ſighs,
And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes.

Alas for poor Colin! when put to the teſt,
Himſelf and his paſſion prov'd both but her jeſt.

III.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the ſnare;
By Fanny,—gay, young, unaffected, and fair!
When ſhe found he had merit, and love took his part,
She dally'd no longer—but yielded her heart.
With joy they ſubmitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy—as happy can be.

IV.

As the roſebud of beauty ſoon ſickens and fades,
The prude and coquet are two ſlighted old maids.
Now their ſweets are all waiſted,—too late they repent
For tranſports untaſted, for moments miſpent!
Ye virgins take warning, improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

AMPHITRION.

RECITATIVE.

AMPHITRION and his bride, a godlike pair!
He brave as Mars, and ſhe as Venus fair;
On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchleſs ſplendour held the nuptial feaſt:
Whilſt the high roof with loud applauſes rung,
Enraptur'd, thus, the happy hero ſung:

AIR.

Was mighty Jove deſcending,
In all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine;
His ſhafts of bolted thunder
With boldneſs I'd deride:
Not heav'n itſelf can ſunder
The hearts that love has ty'd.

RECIT.

The Thunderer heard,—he look'd with vengeance down,
Till beauty's glance diſarm'd his awful frown.

The magic impulſe of Alcmena's eyes
Compel'd the conquer'd god to quit his ſkies;
He feign'd the huſband's form, poſſeſs'd her charms,
And puniſh'd HIS preſumption in HER arms.

AIR.

He deſerves ſublimeſt pleaſure,
Who reveals it not, when won.
Beauty's like the miſer's treaſure:
Boaſt it—and the fool's undone!

Learn by this, unguarded lover,
When your ſecret ſighs prevail,
Not to let your tongue diſcover
Raptures that it ſhou'd conceal.

KITTY FELL,

I.

THE courtly bard, in verſe ſublime,
May praiſe the toaſted Belle;
A country maid (in careleſs rhyme)
I ſing—my Kitty Fell!

II.

II.

When larks forſake the flow'ry plain,
And Love's ſweet numbers ſwell,
My pipe ſhall join their morning ſtrain,
In praiſe of Kitty Fell.

III.

Where woodbines twiſt their fragrant ſhade,
And noontide beams repel,
I'll reſt me on the tufted mead,
And ſing of Kitty Fell.

IV.

When moon-beams dance among the boughs
That lodge ſweet Philomel,
I'll pour, with her, my tuneful vows,
And pant for Kitty Fell.

V.

The pale-faced pedant burns his books;
The ſage forſakes his cell:
The ſoldier ſmooths his martial looks,
And ſighs for Kitty Fell.

VI.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot,
In gilded courts to dwell,

I'd leave them for a lonely cot
With Love and Kitty Fell.

A MAN *to my* MIND.

(Wrote at the Requeſt of a Lady.)

I.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and ſtale virgins deſpis'd,
To all batchelors greeting, theſe lines are premis'd;
I'm a maid that would marry, but where ſhall I find
(I wiſh for no fortune) a man to my mind?

II.

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of faſhion and lace;
Not the 'ſquire, that can wake to no joys but the chace;
Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

III.

III.

Not the ruby-faced ſot, that topes world without end;
Not the drone, that can't reliſh his bottle and friend;
Not the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl that's unkind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

IV.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit;
Not the Flaſh, that's all fury without any ſpirit;
Not the fine maſter Fribble, the ſcorn of mankind!
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

V.

But the youth in whom merit and ſenſe may conſpire,
Whom the brave muſt eſteem, and the fair ſhould admire;
In whoſe heart love and truth are with honour combin'd:
This—this—and no other's the man to my mind.

The TOAST: *A* CATCH.

GIVE THE TOAST, my good fellow, be
jovial and gay,
And let the briſk moments paſs jocund away!
HERE'S THE KING—take your bumpers, my
brave Britiſh ſouls,
Who guards your fair freedom ſhould crown your
full bowls.
LET HIM LIVE—long and happy, ſee Lewis
brought down,
And taſte all the comforts, no cares, of a crown.

THYRSIS.

I.

THE pendant foreſt ſeem'd to nod,
In drowſy fetters bound;
And fairy elves in circles trod
The daiſy-painted ground:

When

When Thyrſis ſought the conſcious grove,
Of ſlighted vows to tell,
And thus (to ſooth neglected love)
Invok'd ſad Philomel.

II.

" The ſtars their ſilver radiance ſhed,
" And ſilence charms the plain;
" But where's my Philomela fled,
" To ſing her nightly ſtrain?

" Hither, ah gentle bird, in haſte
" Direct thy hov'ring wing:
" The vernal green's a dreary waſte,
" Till you vouchſafe to ſing.

III.

" So thrilling ſweet thy numbers flow,
" (Thy warbling ſong diſtreſt!)
" The tear that tells the lover's woe
" Falls cold upon my breaſt.

" To hear ſad Philomel complain,
" Will ſoften my deſpair;
" Then quickly ſwell the melting ſtrain,
" And ſooth a lover's care."

IV.

Give up all hopes, unhappy ſwain,
A liſt'ning ſage reply'd,

For what can conſtancy obtain
From unrelenting pride?

The ſhepherd droop'd——the tyrant death
Had ſeiz'd his trembling frame;
He bow'd, and with departing breath,
Pronounc'd Zaphira's name.

HOLYDAY GOWN.

I.

IN holyday gown, and my newfangled hat,
Laſt Monday I tript to the fair:
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Briſk Roger I gueſs'd wou'd be there.

He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
There's honey ſure dwells on his tongue!
He hugs me ſo cloſe, and he kiſſes ſo ſweet,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

II.

Fond Sue, I'll aſſure you, laid hold on the boy,
(The vixen wou'd fain be his bride)
Some token ſhe claim'd, either ribbon or toy,
And ſwore that ſhe'd not be deny'd.

A topknot he bought her, and garters of green,
Pert Suſan was cruelly ſtung;
I hate her ſo much, that to kill her with ſpleen,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

III.

He whiſper'd ſuch ſoft pretty things in mine ear!
He flatter'd, he promis'd, and ſwore!
Such trinkets he gave me, ſuch laces and geer,
That truſt me,——my pockets ran o'er.

Some ballads he bought me, the beſt he could find,
And ſweetly their burthen he ſung:
Good faith he's ſo handſome, ſo witty, and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

IV.

The ſun was juſt ſetting, 'twas time to retire;
(Our cottage was diſtant a mile)
I roſe to be gone—Roger bow'd like a ſquire,
And handed me over the ſtile.

His arms he threw round me—love laugh'd in his eye,
He led me the meadows among,
There preſt me ſo cloſe, I agreed, with a ſigh,
To wed——for I was not too young.

The HAWTHORN BOWER.

I.

PALEMON, in the hawthorn bower,
With fond impatience lay;
He counted every anxious hour
That ſtretch'd the tedious day.

The roſy dawn, Paſtora nam'd,
And vow'd that ſhe'd be kind;
But ah! the ſetting ſun proclaim'd
That woman's vows are—wind.

II.

The fickle ſex, the boy defy'd;
And ſwore, in terms prophane,
That Beauty in her brighteſt pride
Might ſue to him in vain.

When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
Appear'd in all her charms,
Each angry vow Palemon made
Was loſt in Delia's arms.

III.

The lovers had not long reclin'd
Before Paſtora came:

Incon-

Inconſtancy, ſhe cry'd, I find
In every heart's the ſame;

For young Alexis ſigh'd and preſt,
With ſuch bewitching power,
I quite forgot the wiſhing gueſt
That waited in the bower.

NEWCASTLE BEER.

I.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great Britain's ſucceſs,
And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat;
Glad Mars ſent by Mercury orders expreſs,
To ſummon the deities all to a treat:
Blithe Comus was plac'd
To guide the gay feaſt,
And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer;
Yet vow'd to his thinking,
For exquiſite drinking,
Their Nectar was nothing to Newcaſtle Beer.

II.

The great god of war, to encourage the ſun
And humour the taſte of his whimſical gueſt,
Sent

Sent a meſſage that moment to Moor's * for a tun
Of Stingo, the ſtouteſt, the brighteſt and beſt:
No Gods—they all ſwore,
Regal'd ſo before,
With liquor ſo lively—ſo potent and clear:
And each deified fellow,
Got jovially mellow,
In honour, brave boys, of our Newcaſtle Beer.

III.

Apollo perceiving his talents reſine,
Repents he drank Helicon Water ſo long:
He bow'd, being aſk'd by the muſical Nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore ſong;
But 'ere he began,
He toſs'd of his cann:
There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear:
Then ſang with great merit,
The flavour and ſpirit,
His godſhip had found in the Newcaſtle Beer.

IV.

'Twas Stingo like this made Alcides ſo bold;
It brac'd up his nerves, and enliven'd his pow'rs;
And his myſtical club, that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my lads, but ſuch liquor as ours.
The horrible crew
That Hercules ſlew,
Were

* Moor's at the ſign of the Sun, Newcaſtle.

Were Poverty—Calumny--Trouble--and Fear:
Such a club wou'd you borrow,
To drive away ſorrow,
Apply for a *quantum* of Newcaſtle Beer.

V.

Ye younſters, ſo diffident, languid and pale!
Whom Love, like the cholic, ſo rudely infeſts;
Take a cordial of this, 'twill *probatum* prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breaſts:
Dull whining deſpiſe,
Grow roſy and wiſe,
No longer the jeſt of good fellows appear;
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk and be jolly,
And ſmoke o'er a tankard of Newcaſtle Beer.

VI.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom *Phyſic* preſcribes,
Whom bolus and potion have harreſs'd to death!
Ye wretches, whom *Law* and her ill-looking tribes,
Have hunted about 'till you're quite out of breath!
Here's ſhelter and eaſe,
No craving for fees,
No danger,--no doctor,--no bailiff is near!
Your ſpirits this raiſes,
It cures your diſeaſes,
There's freedom and health in our Newcaſtle Beer.

An ELECTION BALLAD.

I.

NOT an hundred years ſince, when elections went round,
Old HONOUR and TRUTH were in Burgundy drown'd;
The ſons of Great Britain, both thirſty and wiſe,
Wide open'd their ſtomachs, but clos'd up their eyes.
Derry down, &c.

II.

They were blind to true merit, let PARTY prevail,
And JUDGMENT no longer right ballanc'd her ſcale;
In Wine, was fair FREEDOM remember'd no more,
And CASH kick'd old LIBERTY out of the door.
Derry down, &c.

III.

When the Candidate offer'd, they ſnatch at the coin,
Nor ſpar'd the brown bumper, nor venal ſirloin,
Eat

Eat and drank when they could, 'twas concluded, my friends,
They might faſt when the candidate compaſs'd his ends.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

Let the caſe now be alter'd, let talents be try'd;
Let national virtue alone be your guide;
Let us ſcorn to be biaſs'd by party or pelf,
And vote for our country, forgetful of ſelf.
Derry down, &c.

V.

Let honour, let honeſty, ſtand in our view,
To freedom be conſtant, to liberty true;
Let me tell you, my friends, the right nail you have hit,
If you fix on the man that's a friend to old Pitt.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

Let no low-minded motives your principles ſhake,
But weigh the caſe well, for your ſafety's at ſtake;
For him that has honour and truth for his plan,
Give your voices, my boys, and 'tis S——e's the Man!
Derry down, &c.

ANOTHER.

I.

LET the half-famish'd poet find fault with good cheer,
And, forc'd to drink water, despise our brown beer;
That there's truth in full bumpers, it can't be deny'd;
Then toss of your glasses---let truth be our guide!
Derry down, &c.

II.

Poor Lewis, the little, full fatally knows,
That beef gives us courage to batter our foes;
And the sirloin (now knighted) that smokes on the board,
May in times of preferment be titled my Lord.
Derry down, &c.

III.

Let the scriblers exclaim, they're a cynical tribe!
May not we, like our betters, sometimes take a bribe?
If cash does not circulate properly---trade
Grows lazy, and lags, like a founder'd old jade.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

IV.

But to banter no longer—our candidates ſeem
Men of honour, of worth, and of public eſteem;
It were well for dame Britain, her freedom, and laws,
If ſuch, and ſuch only, e're handl'd her cauſe.
Derry down, &c.

V.

Let their free open ſpirits be right underſtood,
Their conteſt is meant for their countrymen's good;
When danger alarms us, or glory commands,
Our lives and our honours are ſafe in ſuch hands.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

That they both have their merits it muſt be allow'd,
But ſons of cool reaſon ſtep forth from the croud,
If weighty experience can ballance the day,
Give your voices, my boys, 'tis for S——e, huzza!
Derry down, &c.

ANOTHER.

I.

WHere the rich Wear*, with wandring grace,
In gay profuſion runs,
The guardian genius of the place,
Harangued his freeborn ſons:
The burthen of his ſacred ſtrain
Was "Shaftoe live! live gen'rous Vane!

II.

"Where Durham lifts her ſacred piles,
"Rever'd in Gothic pride,
"And Wiſdom with meridian ſmiles
"Expands on every ſide:
"Diſtinguiſh'd in bright Honour's train,
"Stand Shaftoe and illuſtrious Vane.

III.

"The noble heart, that truth refines,
"(With conſcious worth replete)
"More uſeful than Peruvian mines,
"Adds virtues to the ſtate:
"Such patriot virtues as remain
"With Shaftoe and illuſtrious Vane.

IV

* The river Wear that runs through the city of Durham.

IV.

" Confirm, my ſons, confirm my choice,
" And call my fav'rites forth,
" Since fame approves the gen'ral voice,
" And merit ſtamps their worth:
" None can your ſacred rights maintain,
" Like Shaftoe and illuſtrious Vane."

V.

The Genius ceas'd—from every part
Applauſe like lightning ran;
Conviction fir'd each glowing heart,
And catch'd from man to man.
Loud echoes fill'd the glad'ning plain,
With Shaftoe live!—live gen'rous Vane!

STANZAS

On the Death of His MAJESTY *King* GEORGE II.

Pallida mors, æquo pulſat pede, pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. HOR.

I.

TENANTS of liberty on Britain's plain,
With flocks enrich'd, a vaſt unnumber'd ſtore!
'Tis gone, the mighty GEORGE's golden reign!
Your Pan, your great defender is no more.

II.

The nymphs that in the ſacred groves preſide,
Where Albion's conq'ring oaks eternal ſpring,
In the brown ſhades their ſecret ſorrows hide,
And, ſilent, mourn the venerable king.

III.

Hark! how the winds, oft bounteous to his will,
That bore his conq'ring fleets to Gallia's ſhore,
After

After a pauſe, pathetically ſtill,
Burſt in loud peals, and thro' the foreſts roar.

IV.

On CONQUEST's cheek the vernal roſes fail;
Whilſt laurel'd VICTORY diſtreſsful bows!
And HONOUR's fire etherial burns but pale,
That late beam'd glorious on our GEORGE's brows.

V.

The muſes mourn—an ineffectual band!
Each ſacred harp without an owner lies;
The Arts, the Sciences, dejected ſtand,
For ah! their patron, their protector dies.

VI.

BEAUTY no more, the toy of faſhion wears,
(So late by LOVE's deſignful labour dreſt)
But from her brow the glowing diamond tears,
And with the ſable cypreſs veils her breaſt.

VII.

RELIGION lodg'd high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading ſtate of crowns below;
Whilſt MELANCHOLY fills the vaulted iſle
With the ſlow muſic of a nation's woe.

VIII.

The dreary paths of unrelenting fate,
Muſt monarchs mix'd with common mortals try?
Is there no refuge?—are the good, the great,
The gracious, and the god-like, doom'd to die?

IX.

Muſt the gay court be chang'd for horror's cave;
Muſt mighty Kings that kept the world in awe,
Conquer'd by time, and the unpitying grave,
Submit their laurels to Death's rig'rous law?

X.

If in the tent retir'd, or battle's rage,
Britannia's ſighs ſhall reach great * Fred'rick's ear,
He'll drop the ſword, or cloſe the darling page,
And penſive pay the tributary tear.

XI.

Then ſhall the monarch weigh the moral thought,
(As he laments the parent, friend, ally)
The ſolemn truth by ſage reflection taught,
That, ſpight of glory, Fredrick's ſelf ſhall die.

XII.

* Frederick King of Pruſſia.

XII.

The parent's face a prudent painter hides *,
While death devours the darling of his age:
NATURE, the ſtroke of pencil'd ART derides,
When grief diſtracts with agonizing rage.

XIII.

So let the muſe her ſableſt curtain ſpread,
By ſorrow taught her nerveleſs power to know:
When nations cry, their king, their father's dead,
The reſt is dumb, unutterable woe!

XIV.

But ſee—a ſacred radiance beams around,
And with returning hope a people cheers:
Look at yon youth, with grace imperial crown'd:
How awful! yet how lovely in his tears!

XV.

Mark how his breaſt expands the filial ſigh,
He droops, diſtreſt like a declining flower,
Till GLORY, from her radiant ſphere on high,
Hails him, to hold the regal reins of power.

XVI.

* In a picture repreſenting the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, Apelles deſpairing to expreſs the natural diſtraction of a parent on ſo affecting an occaſion, drew the figure of Agamemnon with a veil thrown over his face.

XVI.

The ſainted ſire to realms of bliſs remov'd,
(Like the fam'd Phœnix) from his pyre ſhall ſpring
Succeſſive Georges, gracious, and belov'd,
And good and glorious as the parent King.

PROLOGUES, AND EPILOGUES, &c.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. FRODSHAM, *at York, on the Opening of the Theatre, after it was elegantly enlarged.*

ONCE on a time his earthly rounds patrolling,
(Your heathen gods were always fond of ſtrolling)
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night attended by a tempeſt came on;
And as the rain fell pattering, helter ſkelter,
The deity implor'd the hind for ſhelter.

Phi-

Philemon plac'd his godſhip cloſe beſide him,
While goody Baucis made the fire that dry'd him;
With more benevolence than one that's richer,
He ſpread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
And, fond to give his gueſt a meal of pleaſure,
Sung a rough ſong, in his rude country meaſure.

Jove was ſo pleas'd with theſe good-natur'd
ſallies,
Philemon's cot he conjur'd to a palace.

Taſte, like great Jupiter, came here to try us,
(Oft from the boxes we perceiv'd her ſpy us)
Whether ſhe lik'd us and our warm endeavours;
Whether ſhe found that we deſerv'd her favours,
I know not; But it's certain ſhe commanded,
Our humble theatre ſhould be expanded.

The orders ſhe pronounc'd were ſcarcely ended,
But, like Philemon's houſe, the ſtage extended:
And thus the friendly goddeſs bids me greet ye:
'Tis in that circle [*Pointing to the boxes*] ſhe deſigns to meet ye.
Pedants would fix her reſidence with heathens,
But ſhe prefers old York to Rome or Athens.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at the opening an elegant little Theatre at Whitby.

FROM Shakeſpear,—Johnſon,---Congrave,--
Rowe,---and others—
The laurel'd liſt---the true Parnaſſian brothers!
Hither we're ſent, --by their ſupreme direction,
To court your favour, and to claim protection.

Our hopes are flatter'd with the Fair's compliance;
Beauty and Wit were always in alliance!
Their mutual ſway reforms the rude creation,
And TASTE's determin'd by their approbation.

The tragic muſe preſents a ſtately mirrour,
Where Vice ſurveys her ugly form, with terror:
And as the fiend departs--abaſh'd!--diſcarded--
Imperial Virtue's with the palm rewarded.
The comic glaſs--from modern groupes collected,
Shews fops and fools of every claſs--diſected:
It marks the fair coquet's unfaithful dealings,
And proves that haughty prudes may have their failings.

For

For faults that flow from habit more than nature,
We'll blend, with honeſt mirth, ſome wholeſome
ſatire.

Now for our bark--the veſſel's tight--and able!
New built!--new rigg'd!--[*Pointing to the ſcenes*]
with canvaſs--maſt--and cable!
Let her not ſink,--or be unkindly ſtranded,
Before the moral freight be fairly landed!
For tho' with heart and hand we heave together,
'Tis your kind plaudit muſt command the weather:
Nor halcion ſeas,--nor gentle gale attend us,
Till this fair circle with their ſmiles befriend us.

A PROLOGUE,

On opening the Theatre at Whitby the enſuing Seaſon.

O'ER the wild waves, unwilling more to roam,
And by his kind affections call'd for home;
When the bold youth that ev'ry climate tries
'Twixt the blue boſoms---'Twixt the ſeas and
ſkies--
When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,

Wha

What glowing extaſies, by Fancy dreſt,
What filial ſentiments expand his breaſt!
In the full happineſs he forms on ſhore,
Doubts--dangers--and fatigues are felt no more.

Such are the joys that in our boſoms burn!
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return!
With ſuch warm ardours, you behold us meet,
To lay--once more--our labours at your feet.

(Not without hopes your patronage will laſt)
We bend with gratitude for favours paſt.
That our light bark defy'd the rage of winter,
Rode ev'ry gale--nor ſtarted ev'n a ſplinter;
We bow to Beauty--('twas thoſe ſmiles ſecur'd her)
And thank our patrons who ſo kindly moor'd her.
Still--ſtill--extend your gentle cares to ſave her,
That ſhe may anchor long in Whitby's--favour.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. BRIMYARD, *in the Character of a* SAILOR, *on opening the New Theatre at North-Shields.*

[*Without.*

HOLLO! my maſters, where d'ye mean to ſtow us?
We're come to ſee what paſtime ye can ſhew us;

Sal,

Sal, ſtep aloft,—you ſhan't be long without me,
I'll walk their quarter deck and look about me.

[*Enters.*

Tom and Dick Topſail are above—I hear 'em,
Tell 'em to keep a birth, and Sal---ſit near 'em:
Sal's a ſmart laſs, I'd hold a butt of ſtingo,
In three weeks time ſhe'd learn the playhouſe lingo:
She loves your plays, ſhe underſtands their meaning,
She calls 'em---MORAL RULES made entertaining;
Your Shakeſpear books, ſhe knows 'em to a tittle.
And I, myſelf (at ſea) have read---a little.

At London, Sirs, when Sal and I were courting,
I tow'd her every night a playhouſe ſporting,
Maſs! I cou'd like 'em and their whole 'PARATUS,
But for their fiddlers and their dam'd SONATAS;
Give me the merry ſons of guts and roſin,
That play---God ſave the King and Nancy Dawſon.

[*Looking about.*

Well---tho' the frigate's not ſo much bedoyzen'd,
'Tis ſnug enough!---'Tis clever for the ſize on't:
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury-lane or Common-Garden.

[*Bell rings.*

Avaſt!---A ſignal for the launch, I fancy:
† What ſay you Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and Nancy,
Since they have trim'd the pleaſure-barge ſo tightly,
Shan't you, and I, and Sal, come ſee them nightly!

The

† To the Gallery.

The jolly crew will do their beſt endeavours,
They'll grudge no labour to deſerve your favours.
A luckier fate, they ſwear, can ne'er behap 'em,
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you---clap 'em.

An EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. BROOKE, *at Norwich, in the Character of Mrs.* DEBORAH WOODCOCK, *in* Love in a Village.

AFTER the dangers of a long probation,
When Sybil like, ſhe's ſkill'd in penetration,
When ſhe has conquer'd each unruly paſſion,
And rides above the rocks that others daſh on;
When deeply mellow'd in reſerve and rigour;
When decent gravity adorns her figure,
Why an old maid -- I wiſh the wiſe would tell us,
Should be the ſtanding jeſt of flirts and fellows!

In maxims ſage! and eloquence how clever!
Without a ſubject ſhe can talk -- for ever!
Rich in old ſaws, can bring a ſentence pat in,
And quote upon occaſion, *lawyer*'s Latin.

Set

Set up that toaſt, that culprit, *nobis eorum*,
'Tis done -- and ſhe's demoliſh'd in *turrorum*.

If an old maid's a dragoneſs on duty,
To guard the golden fruit of rip'ning beauty;
'Tis right, for fear the giddy ſex ſhould wander,
To keep them in reſtraint by decent -- ſlander:
When ſlips are made, 'tis eaſy ſure to find 'em;
We can detect before the fair deſign'd 'em.

As for the men, whoſe ſatire oft hath ſtung us,
Many there are that may be rank'd among us.
LAW, with long ſuits and buſy miſchiefs laden,
In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.
'Tis undeny'd, and the aſſertions common,
That modern PHYSIC is a mere old woman.
The puny fop that ſimpers o'er his tea diſh,
And cries --- indeed --- Miſs Deb'rah's -- quite old maidiſh!
Of doubtful ſex, of undetermin'd nature,
In all reſpects is but a virgin *creetur*!

Jeſting apart, and moral truths adjuſting!
There's nothing in the ſtate itſelf diſguſting;
Old maids, as well as matrons, bound in marriage,
Are valu'd from propriety of carriage;
If gentle ſenſe, if ſweet diſcretion guide 'em,
It matters not tho' coxcombs may deride 'em;
And virtue's virtue, be ſhe maid or wedded,
A certain truth! ſay -- Deb'rah Woodcock ſaid it.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at Edinburgh, on Mrs. BELLAMY's *firſt Appearance there.*

IN early days, when error ſway'd mankind,
The ſcene was cenſur'd, and the ſtage confin'd,
As the fine arts a nobler taſte ſupply'd,
Old prejudice grew fainter -- droop'd -- and dy'd.

Merit from ſanction muſt deduce her date,
If ſhe'd arrive at a meridian height;
From ſanction is the Engliſh ſtage become
Equal to Athens, and above old Rome.

If from that ſtage, an actreſs fill'd with fears,
New to this northern ſcene, to-night appears,
Intent -- howe'er unequal to the flight,
To hit -- what criticks call -- the *happy right:*
She builds not on your ſiſter's † fond applauſe,
But timidly to you ſubmits her cauſe.
For taſte refin'd may as judicial ſit
Here -- as ſhe found her, in an Engliſh pit.

Your plaudit muſt remove the ſtranger's fear;
The ſons of genius are the leaſt ſevere:

Some

† London.

Some favour, from the fair, ſhe's ſure to find,
So ſweet a circle cannot but be kind;
Then to your candid patronage ſhe'll truſt,
And hopes you gracious--as we know you juſt.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. DIGGS, *on opening the Edinburgh Theatre in* 1763.

TO rectify ſome errors, that of late
Had crept into the boſom of our ſtate;
To court PROPRIETY, a matron chaſte!
To make ſtrong leagues 'twixt NOVELTY and TASTE;
To alter—to adapt—to plan—revive,
To ſpare no pains to make the drama thrive:
Theſe are the labours that to-night commence,
By BEAUTY* ſanction'd, and approv'd by SENSE§.

Suppoſe ſome Corydon — ſome country ſwain,
Enamour'd of ſome Phillis of the plain,
At early dawn ſhould ſeek the dappled glade,
To form a noſegay for the fav'rite maid:
When he had cropt the beauties of the banks,
And cull'd the faireſt from the flowry ranks,

* The Boxes. § The Pit.

He'd range in order every blooming ſweet,
And lay the little chaplet at her feet.

So the fair fields of fancy we'll explore,
And ſearch the gardens of dramatic lore,
Of choiceſt fragrance, and of various hue,
To form thoſe chaplets we compoſe for you.

Now to attack you in a martial ſtrain!
We hope to gather laurels this campaign;
And that our plan of action may ſucceed,
Have march'd freſh forces from beyond the Tweed.
Yet, as young ſoldiers may be damp'd by fear,
(Tho' univerſal patronage be here)
Let me beſpeak, before the curtain riſe,
Some kind impreſſions for our new ſupplies.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. DIGGS, *at Edinburgh, to the* MUSE *of* OSSIAN, *a little Piece adapted to the Stage, from the celebrated Poem of* OSSIAN *the Son of* FINGAL.

TO form a little work of nervous merit,
To give the ſleepy ſtage a nobler ſpirit;
To touch a ſacred muſe, and not defile her,
This was the plan propos'd by our compiler.

Tho' caution told him—the preſumption's glaring!
Dauntleſs, he cry'd—"It is but nobly daring!
"Can we peruſe a pathos more than Attic,
"Nor wiſh the golden treaſure ſtamp'd dramatic!
"Here are no lines—in meaſur'd pace, that trip it,
"No modern ſcenes—ſo lifeleſs!—ſo inſipid!
"Wrought by a muſe—(no ſacred fire debarr'd her)
"'Tis nervous!—noble!—'tis true northern ardour!

"Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaiming,
"(The Grecian bards no longer worth the naming)

" In ſong, the northern tribes ſo far ſurpaſs us,
" One of their highland hills they'll call Parnaſſus;
" And from the ſacred mount, decrees ſhall follow,
" That Oſſian was himſelf--the true Appollo."

Spite of this flaſh--This high poetic fury,
He trembles for the verdict of his jury:
As from his text he ne'er preſum'd to wander,
But give the native Oſſian to your candour:
To an impartial judgment we ſubmit him,
Condemn--or rather (if you can) acquit him.

An EPILOGUE *To the* MUSE *of* OSSIAN.

IN fond romance let fancy reign creative!
Valour amongſt the northern hills is native;
The northern hills, 'tis prov'd by Oſſian's ſtory,
Gave early birth to Caledonian glory;
Nor cou'd the ſtormy clime with all its rigour,
Repel, in love or war, the hero's vigour.

When honour call'd, the youth diſdain'd to ponder,
And as he fought the fav'rite maid grew fonder.
The brave, by beauty were rejected never,
For girls are gracious when the lads are clever.

If

If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
The bard, at home, had ev'ry power deſcriptive;
He ſwell'd the ſacred ſong--enhanc'd the ſtory,
And rais'd the warrior to the ſkies of glory.

That northern lads are ſtill unconquer'd fellows,
The foes of Britain to their coſt can tell us;
The ſway of northern beauty, if diſputed,
Look round, ye infidels, and ſtand confuted:
And for your bards, the letter'd world have known 'em,
They're ſuch--The ſacred Oſſian cant diſown 'em.

To prove a partial judgment does not wrong you,
And that your uſual candour reigns among you,
Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
And ſtamp it with the ſanction of your favour.

An EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. BELLAMY, *at Edinburgh, in the Character of Lady* FANCIFUL.

FANCY, we're told, of parentage Italic,
And Folly, whoſe original is Gallic,
Set up to ſale their vain miſshapen daughter,
And Britain, by a large ſubſcription, bought her.

The fertile ſoil grew fond of this exotic,
And nurs'd her, till her power became deſpotic,
Till ev'ry wou'd-be beauty in the nation,
Did homage at the ſhrine of AFFECTATION.
But Common Senſe will certainly dethrone her.
And (like the fair ones of this place) diſown her.
If ſhe attempts the dimpled ſmile, delightful!
The dimpled ſmile of Affectation's frightful:
Mark but her *bagatelles* -- her whine -- her whimper--
Her loll -- her liſp -- her ſanter -- ſtare -- her ſimper;
All, *outres* all--no native charm about her,
And ridicule wou'd ſoon expire without her.

Look for a grace, and Affectation hides it;
If beauty aims an arrow, ſhe miſguides it:
So awkwardly ſhe mends unmeaning faces,
To inſipidity ſhe gives--------grimaces.

Without her dear coquetiſh arts to aid 'em,
Fine ladies might be juſt as—nature made 'em,
Such ſenſible--ſincere--domeſtic creatures;
The jeſt of modern *belles*, and *petit maitres!*

Safe with good ſenſe, this circle's not in danger,
But as the foreign phantom's--here a ſtranger;
I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
And if they meet, be ready to forego her;
For truſt me, ladies, ſhe'd deform your faces,
And with a ſingle glance deſtroy the graces.

An

An EPILOGUE,

Spoke at Edinburgh, by Mrs. BELLAMY, *to* Anthony and Cleopatra.

THE flame our hero felt for his Egyptian,
Is finely drawn; it glows in the deſcription!
But modern love can ne'er maintain its ſtation,
So many different *gouts* divide the nation.

The man of ſenſe diſdains the ſoft'ning paſſion;
The coxcomb is enamour'd of--the faſhion;
The *bon vivant* prefers the feaſt convival;
And Phillis in a turtle finds a rival:
Beſides the gentle race--the *petit maitres!*
The ſet inſenſible, of happy *cretures*;
So coy--ſo cold--that beauty ne'er can warm 'em;
So nice, that nothing but themſelves can charm them.

But hold--I run too faſt without reflection,
(Each general rule admits of ſome exception)
Here*, 'tis allow'd imperial beauty governs,
And there †, the conquer'd ſex adore their ſovereigns.

Let

* Boxes. † Pit.

Let me--to wave this *bagatelle !*--declare,
The grateful homage of an heart ſincere,
I feel your favours with refin'd delight,
And glory in my patrons of to-night.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr DIGGS *at Edinburgh, to* Rule a Wife.

'TIS an odd portrait that the poet drew!
A ſtrange irregular he ſets in view!
'Mongſt us--thank heaven--the character's unknown,
Bards have creative faculties we own;
And this appears a picture from his brain,
Till we reflect the lady liv'd in Spain.

Should we the portrait with the ſex compare,
'Twould add new honours to the northern fair;
Their merit, by the foil, conſpicuous made,
And they'd ſeem brighter from contraſting ſhade.

Rude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,
Nor ſhould ſuch antiquated maxims hold,

Shall

Shall ſubject man aſſert ſuperior ſway,
And dare to bid the angel ſex obey!
Or if permitted to partake the throne,
Deſpotic, call the reigns of power his won!
Forbid it all that's gracious--that's polite!
(The fair to liberty have equal right)
Nor urge the tenet, tho' from Fletcher's ſchool,
That every huſband has a right to rule.

A matrimonial medium may be hit,
Where neither governs, but where both ſubmit.

The nuptial torch with decent brightneſs burns,
Where male and female condeſcend by turns;
Change then the phraſe--the horrid text amend,
And let the word *obey*, be—*condeſcend*.

An EULOGIUM *on* MASONRY:

Spoke by Mr. DIGGS, *at Edinburgh.*

HAIL ſacred *Maſonry*, of ſource divine,
Unerring miſtreſs of the faultleſs line,
Whoſe plumb of *truth*, with never-failing ſway,
Makes the join'd parts of *ſymmetry* obey!

Hail

Hail to the *craft*, at whoſe ſerene command
The gentle *arts* in glad obedience ſtand;
Whoſe magic ſtroke bids fell *confuſion* ceaſe,
And to the finiſh'd *orders* yield its place;
Who calls *creation* from the womb of earth,
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.

To works of art her merit's not confin'd!
She regulates the morals, *ſquares* the mind;
Corrects with care the tempeſt-working ſoul,
And points the tide of paſſions where to roll;
On *virtue*'s tablets marks each ſacred rule,
And forms her *lodge* an univerſal ſchool;
Where *nature*'s myſtic laws unfolded ſtand,
And *ſenſe*, and *ſcience*, join'd, go hand in hand.

O! may her ſocial rules inſtructive ſpread,
Till *truth* erect her long neglected head!
Till, through deceitful *night*, ſhe dart her ray,
And beam, full glorious, in the blaze of *day!*
Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move;
Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
And the whole human race be bound in *brother*'s *love.*

An

An EPILOGUE

In Character of LADY TOWNLY, *in the* Provok'd Huſband.

AT lady—let me recollect—whoſe night is't!
No matter—at a circle the politeſt;
Taſte ſummons all the ſatire ſhe is able,
And canvaſſes my conduct to the table.

" A wife reclaim'd, and by an huſband's rigour!
" A wife with all her appetites in vigour!
" Lard!—ſhe muſt make a lamentable figure.

" Where was her pride! Of ev'ry ſpark diveſted!
" To mend, becauſe a prudiſh huſband preſs'd it!
" What—to prefer his dull domeſtic quiet,
" To the dear ſcenes of *hurricane* and *riot!*
" Parties diſclaim'd—the happy *rout* rejected!
" Becauſe at ten ſhe's by her ſpouſe expected!
" Oh hideous!—how immenſely out of nature!
" Don't ye, my dears, deſpiſe the ſervile creature?

Prudence, altho' the company be good,
Is often heard, and ſometimes underſtood.

Sup-

Suppoſe—to juſtify my reformation,
She'd give the circle this conciſe oration.

" Ye giddy groupe of faſhionable wives,
" That in continued riot waſte your lives;
" Did ye but ſee the demons that aſcend;
" The cares convulſive that on cards attend;
" The midnight ſpectres that furround your chairs,
" (*Rage* reddens here—there *avarice* deſpairs)
" You'd ruſh for ſhelter where contentment lies,
" To the domeſtic bleſſings you deſpiſe.

" Or if you've no regard to moral duty,
" ('Tis trite, but true) quadrille will murder beauty."

Taſte is abaſh'd (the culprit) I'm acquitted,
They praiſe the character they lately pity'd;
They promiſe to reform—relinquiſh play,
So break the tables up at—break of day.

An

An EULOGIUM *on* CHARITY.

Spoke at Alnwick, in Northumberland, at a Charitable Benefit Play, 1765.

TO bid the rancour of ill-fortune ceaſe,
To tell *anxiety*—I give thee peace,
To quell *adverſity*- -or turn her darts,
To ſtamp *fraternity* on gen'rous hearts:
For theſe high motives—theſe illuſtrious ends,
Celeſtial Charity to-night deſcends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid!
Softer than dew-drops to the ſunburnt glade!
She's gracious as an unpoluted ſtream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream!
Pity and *Peace* precede her as ſhe flies,
And *Mercy* beams benignant in her eyes!

From her high reſidence, from realms above,
She comes, ſweet harbinger of heavenly love!

* Her ſiſter's charms are more than doubly bright,
From the kind cauſe that call'd her here to-night.

An

* The Counteſs of Northumberland, who honoured the charity with her preſence.

An artleſs grace the conſcious heart beſtows,
And on the generous cheek a tincture glows,
More lovely than the bloom that paints the vernal roſe.

The lofty pyramid ſhall ceaſe to live!
Fleeting the praiſe ſuch monuments can give!
But Charity, by tyrant time rever'd,
Sweet Charity amidſt his ruins ſpar'd,
Secures her votaries unblaſted fame,
And in celeſtial annals ſaves their name.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. G——, *in an itinrant Company, on reviving the* MERCHANT *of* VENICE, *at the Time of the Bill paſſing for naturalizing the* Jews.

'TWIXT the ſons of the ſtage, without penſions or places,
And the vagabond Jews, are ſome ſimilar caſes;
Since time out of mind, or they're wrong'd much by ſlander,
Both lawleſs, alike, have been ſentenc'd to wander;
Then faith 'tis full time we appeal to the nation,
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on;

Lard

Lard, that word's ſo uncouth!—'tis ſo irkſome to
ſpeak it!
But 'tis Hebrew, I believe, and that's taſte, as I take
it.

Well—now to the point—I'm ſent here with
commiſſion,
To preſent this fair circle our humble petition:
But conſcious what hopes we ſhould have of ſuc-
ceeding,
Without (as they phraſe it) ſufficiently bleeding;
And convinc'd we've no funds, nor old gold we
can rake up,
Like our good brothers—Abraham, Iſaac, and
Jacob;
We muſt frankly confeſs we have nought to pre-
ſent ye,
But Shakeſpear's old ſterling—pray let it content
ye.

Old *Shylock*, the Jew, whom we mean to reſtore
ye,
Was naturaliz'd oft by your fathers before ye;
Then take him to-night to your kindeſt compaſſion,
For to countenance Jews is the pink of the faſhion.

An EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. G——n, at her Benefit.

UNtaught to tread the Muſes various maze,
And quite unpractis'd in poetic lays,
I'll tell my ſimple tale in plain familiar phraſe.

In farmer's yard I've ſeen a houſewife ſtand,
Peace in her looks, and plenty in her hand,
Dealing her friendly favours on the ground,
Whilſt all the neighb'ring poultry gathers round.

Bold Chanticleer, in ſhining plumage gay,
Struts on before and leads the well-known way;
His conſort next, ſhe guides her chatt'ring train,
Impatient to devour the golden grain;
Next ſtalks the turkey-cock, above the reſt,
With roſy gills and elevated cheſt;
The ſcreaming gooſe, and wadling duck come laſt:
Alike partakers of the free repaſt!

The breakfaſt done, behold each thankleſs gueſt,
(Some birds, like men, make gratitude a jeſt)
With

With inſolence, and pamper'd pride elate,
Preſumes his merit ſhou'd provide him meat,
And thinks the hoſteſs thank'd, that he vouchſaf'd to eat.

A linnet, perching on a neighb'ring tree,
The well provided banquet chanc'd to ſee;
She lights, and mingling with the motley crew,
Feaſted as moſt at free expence will do;
Then ſinging from the mercenary throngs,
Repay'd the generous donor with a ſong.

Could well wrought numbers with my wiſh agree,
The grateful linnet you'd behold in me;
But doom'd to ſilence from my want of ſkill,
Accept, kind patrons! of a warm good will.

An EPILOGUE,

Deſign'd to be ſpoke at Alnwick, on reſigning the Playhouſe to a Party detach'd from the Edinburgh Theatre.

TO Alnwick's lofty ſeat, a ſilvan ſcene!
To riſing hills from diſtance doubly green,

Go--ſays the god of wit, my ſtandard bear,
Theſe are the manſions of the great* and fair,
'Tis my Olympus now, go ſpread my banners there,

Led by fond hope, the pointed path we trace,
And thank'd our patron for the flowry place;
Here--we behold a gently waving wood!
There--we can gaze upon a wandring flood!
The landſcape ſmiles!--the fields gay fragrance wear!
Soft ſcenes are all around--refreſhful air!
Slender repaſt indeed, and but cameleon fare!

A troop, at certain times, compel'd to ſhift,
And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift;
By tyrant managers a while conſign'd,
To fatten on what forage they can find;
With lawleſs force our liberty invades,
And fain would thruſt us from theſe fav'rite ſhades;
But we (ſince prejudice erects her ſcale,
And puffs and petty artifice prevail)
To ſtronger holds with cool diſcretion run,
And leave the conquerors to be--undone.

With gratitude, ſtill we'll acknowledge the favours
So kindly indulg'd to our ſimple endeavours;
To

* The Earl and Counteſs of Northumberland, Lord and Lady Warkworth, &c.

To the great and the fair we reſt thankfully debtors,
And wiſh we cou'd ſay, we gave place to our betters.

A PROLOGUE,

For ſome Country Lads, performing the Devil of a Wife *in the Chriſtmas Holidays.*

IN days of yore, when round the jovial board,
With harmleſs mirth, and ſocial plenty ſtor'd,
Our parent Britains quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
And carrols ſung, or told the Chriſtmas tale;
In ſtruts St. George, old England's champion knight,
With haſty ſteps, impatient to recite
"How he had kill'd the dragon, once in fight."

From ev'ry ſide--from Troy--from ancient Greece,
Princes pour in to ſwell the motly piece;
And while their deeds of proweſs they rehearſe,
The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verſe.

Intent to raiſe this evening's cordial mirth,
Like theirs our ſimple ſtage play comes to birth.

Our want of art we candidly confeſs,
But give you nature in her homeſpun dreſs;
No heroes here—no martial men of might!
A cobler is the champion of to-night;
His ſtraps more fam'd than George's lance of old,
For it can tame that dragoneſs, a ſcold;
Indulgent, then, ſupport the cobler's cauſe,
And tho' he mayn't deſerve it, ſmile applauſe.

PROLOGUE *to the* RECRUITING OFFICER.

Spoke at Shrewſbury, where Mr. FARQUHAR *is ſaid to have wrote that Comedy.*

FROM the fair manſions of illuſtrious ſhades,
From groves of bliſs, poetic painted meads,
Should Farquhar, deck'd with deathleſs laurels come,
Obedient to his own recruiting drum;
Conſcious, to-night, of the ſuperior grace,
The nobler beauties that adorn this place;
Here would he fix—enraptur'd here abide,
And change Elyſium for the *Severn*'s ſide.

Let

* Mr. Farquhar dedicated the Recruiting Officer to his Friends.

Let boaſting Rome of one Mæcenas tell,
Countleſs are thoſe that by the Severn dwell.
Parnaſſus mount let future bards diſclaim,
Hark, how the Rekin's† hoſpitable name,
Swells in the voice of Farquhar, and of fame.

*Sabrina**, ſofteſt nymph that glides along,
Winding and various as her Farquhar's ſong,
Indulgent ſmil'd, to bleſs the poet's toil,
And ſtreight his bays bloom'd freſh, and own'd
the gen'rous ſoil

Here--beauty beams, with ſocial ſweetneſs
mix'd!
Here--true politeneſs has her ſtandard fix'd!
Here--let the muſe her ſacred numbers ſwell,
And, here let ſportive wit and gay dreſt humour
dwell.

O may our ſecondary labours find
The brave propitious, and the beauteous kind!
So may Salopian plains, that bloom ſo gay,
Ne'er know a blaſt, but wear perpetual May.

† Round the Rekin, a remarkable mountain in that neighbourhood.

* The poetical name for the river Severn.

An

An EPILOGUE,

Spoke by a Child of nine Years old.

AS the wiſe ones, within, have aſſur'd me it's common,
For chits of my age to be aping the woman,
To prove that I've talents as well as another,
Good folks--I ran forward--in ſpite of my mother;
Don't tell me, ſays I--they ſhall know how the caſe is,
I'm not to be check'd in my airs and my graces;
I was born a coquet--and by goles I'm not idle,
I can ogle already--look peeviſh and bridle,
And I'll practiſe new geſtures each night and each morning,
'Gainſt I reach to my teens,--ſo I give you fair warning.

Tho' I move ye, at preſent, with nothing but laughter,
Look well to your hearts, beaux!--I'll ſwinge ye hereafter;
Have patience, then, pray, and by practice grown bolder,
I'll promiſe to pleaſe, if I live to grow older.

The

The BROKEN CHINA.

I.

SOON as the ſun began to peep,
And gild the morning ſkies,
Young Chloe from diſorder'd ſleep
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

II.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton ſprite
That waited on her ſtill,
Had teiz'd her all the tedious night
With viſionary ill.

III.

Some ſhock of fate is ſurely nigh,
Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid:
What do theſe horrid dreams imply!
My Cupid can't be dead!

IV.

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of ſome miſhap;

Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

V.

And now the beſt of brittle ware,
Her ſumptuous table grac'd:
The poliſh'd emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd!

VI.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat;
When Dick, the country beau, appear'd
And bowing took his ſeat.

VII.

Well—chatting on of that and this,
The maid revers'd her cup;
And, tempted by the forfeit kiſs,
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

VIII.

With tranſport he demands the prize;
Right fairly it was won!
With many a frown the fair denies:
Fond baits to draw him on!

IX.

IX.

A man muſt prove himſelf polite,
In ſuch a caſe as this;
So Richard ſtrives with all his might
To force the forfeit kiſs.

X.

But as he ſtrove---Oh, dire to tell!
(And yet with grief I muſt)
The table turn'd---the china fell,
A heap of painted duſt!

XI.

O fatal purport of my dream!
The fair afflicted cry'd,
Occaſion'd (I confeſs my ſhame)
By childiſhneſs and pride!

XII.

For in a kiſs, or two, or three,
No miſchief could be found!
Then had I been more frank and free,
My china had been ſound.

On ſome BUSSES *being fitted out for the* HERRING FISHERY.

O'ER the green waves, where Britain boaſts her ſway,
Round the wide waſte of our long ſlighted ſea;
Let the glad tale in ſacred accents ſwell,
Let babbling Tritons to the ſea gods tell:

" Britain's at laſt grown conſcious of her ſhame
" Britain awakes her raviſh'd rights to claim,
" Britain---ſee pale Batavians trembling at the name. "

Abaſh'd---confounded---let the dull mynheer,
No more between our ſacred banks appear!

Shall the dull Dutch exult in our diſgrace,
Riſle our wedded waves before our face!
Feaſt on the joys of our luxuriant ſpouſe,
And plant upon old Albion's chalky brows!
No, Britons, no---George, and your genius ſmile,
And new-born beauties riſe propitious to your iſle!

The

The two following ODES *were wrote for a ſelect Company, in order to commemorate the particular Birth-days of the* KING *of* PRUSSIA, *and* GENERAL BLAKENEY.

ODE *on the* K. *of* PRUSSIA.

RECIT.

MORE glorious than the comet's blaze,
That through the ſtarry region ſtrays:
From Zembla to the Torrid Zone,
The mighty name of Pruſſia's known.

AIR.

I.

Be baniſh'd from the books of fame,
Ye deeds in diſtant ages done;
Loſt and inglorious is the name
Of Hanibal, or Philip's ſon:
Cou'd Greece, or conquering Carthage ſing
A hero great as Pruſſia's king!

II.

II.

Where reſtleſs *Envy* can't explore,
Or flatter'd *Hope* preſume to fly;
Fate bade victorious Fred'ric ſoar,
For laurels that can never die.
Could Greece, &c.

III.

His rapid bolts tremendous break,
Thro' nations arm'd in dread array,
Swift as the furious blaſts that ſhake
The boſom of the frighted ſea.
Could Greece, &c.

IV.

In vain, to ſhake the throne of Jove
With impious rage the Giants try'd;
'Gainſt Fred'ric's force the nations ſtrove
In vain—their haughty legions dy'd.
Could Greece, &c.

V.

While *Prudence* guides his chariot wheels,
Thro' *Virtue*'s ſacred paths they roll;
Immortal *Truth* his boſom ſteels,
And guards him glorious to the goal.
Could Greece, &c.

VI.

The vengeful lance *Britannia* weilds,
In conſort with her brave ally,
Saves her fair roſes in the fields,
Where *Gaul*'s deteſted lilies die.
Wreaths of eternal friendſhip ſpring,
'Twixt mighty George, and Pruſſia's King.

VII.

The jocund bowl let Britons raiſe,
And crown the jovial board with mirth;
Fill—to great Fred'ric's length of days,
And hail the hero's glorious birth—
Could Greece, or conq'ring Carthage ſing,
A chieftain fam'd like Pruſſia's King.

O D E,

Compoſed for the BIRTH-DAY *of the late Gen. Lord* BLAKENEY.

I.

THE muſes harps, by *Concord* ſtrung!
Loud let them ſtrike the feſtal lay,
Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,
To hail her hero's natal day.

Atif,

Ariſe, paternal glory riſe,
And lift your Blakeney to the ſkies!

II.

Behold his warlike banners wave!
Like Britain's oak the hero ſtands:
The ſhield—The ſhelter of the brave!
The guardian o'er the Britiſh bands!
Ariſe, paternal, &c.

III.

He wreſts the wreath from *Richlieu*'s * brows,
Which *Fraud* or *Faction* planted there;
France to the gallant hero bows,
And Europe's chiefs his name revere.
Ariſe, paternal, &c.

IV.

With partial conqueſt on their ſide!
The ſons of Gaul---a pageant crew!
Rank, but inglorious in their pride,
To Blakeney, and his vanquiſh'd few.
Ariſe, paternal, &c.

V.

Hibernia †, with maternal care,
His labour'd ſtatue lifts on high:

Be

* Richlieu, commander of the expedition againſt Port-Mahon.

† A ſtatue was erected in Dublin to the memory of Gen. Blakeney, who was a native of Ireland.

Be partial, Time!—the trophy ſpare,
That Blakeney's name may never die!
Ariſe, paternal glory, riſe!
And lift your Blakeney to the ſkies.

Sent to Miſs BELL H——, *with a pair of Buckles.*

HAPPY trifles, can ye bear
Sighs of fondneſs to the fair?
If your pointed tongues can tell,
How I love my charming Bell:
Fondly take a lover's part;
Plead the anguiſh of my heart.

Go—ye trifles—gladly fly,
(Gracious in my fair one's eye)
Fly—your envy'd bliſs to meet;
Fly, and kiſs the charmer's feet.

Happy there, with waggiſh play,
Tho' you revel day by day,
Like the donor, every night,
(Robb'd of his ſupreme delight)
To ſubdue your wanton pride,
Uſeleſs, you'll be thrown aſide.

DAPHNE: *A* SONG.

I.

NO longer, Daphne, I admire
The graces in thine eyes;
Continu'd coyneſs kills deſire,
And famiſh'd paſſion dies.

Three tedious years I've ſigh'd in vain,
Nor could my vows prevail;
With all the rigours of diſdain,
You ſcorn'd my amorous tale.

II.

When Celia cry'd, how ſenſeleſs ſhe,
That has ſuch vows refus'd,
Had Damon given his heart to me,
It had been kinder us'd.

The man's a fool that pines and dies,
Becauſe a woman's coy:
The gentle bliſs, that one denies,
A thouſand will enjoy.

III.

III.

Such charming words, ſo void of art,
Surprizing rapture gave;
And tho' the maid ſubdu'd my heart,
It ceas'd to be a ſlave.

A wretch condemn'd, ſhall Daphne prove;
While bleſt without reſtraint,
In the ſweet calendar of love
My Celia ſtands—a ſaint.

A SONG.

I.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly preſt,
While rapture fill'd each vein;
And as I touch'd her downy breaſt,
Its tenant ſlept ſerene.

II.

So ſoft a calm, in ſuch a part,
Betrays a peaceful mind;
Whilſt my uneaſy flutt'ring heart,
Would ſcarcely be confin'd.

III.

A ſtubborn oak the ſhepherd ſees,
Unmov'd, when ſtorms deſcend;
But ah! to ev'ry ſporting breeze,
The myrtle bough muſt bend.

To CHLOE *in an Ill Humour.*

I.

CONSIDER, ſweet maid, and endeavour
To conquer that pride in thy breaſt;
It is not an haughty behaviour
Will ſet off thy charms to the beſt.

II.

The ocean, when calm, may delight you;
But ſhould a loud tempeſt ariſe,
The billows enrag'd wou'd affright you:
Loud objects of awful ſurprize!

III.

'Tis thus, when good humour diffuſes
Its beams oe'r the face of a fair;
With rapture his heart a man loſes,
While frowns turn *love* to deſpair.

The DANCE.

ANACREONTIC.

HARK! the ſpeaking ſtrings invite,
Muſic calls us to delight:
See the maids in meaſures move,
Winding like the maze of love.
As they mingle, madly gay
Sporting Hebe leads the way.

On each glowing cheek is ſpread
Roſy Cupid's native red;
And from ev'ry ſparkling eye,
Pointed darts at random fly.
LOVE, and active YOUTH, advance
Foremoſt in the ſprightly dance.

As the magic numbers riſe,
Through my veins the poiſon flies;
Raptures, not to be expreſt,
Revel in my throbbing breaſt.
Jocund as we beat the ground,
LOVE and HARMONY go round.

Every maid (to crown his bliſs)
Gives her youth a roſy kiſs;
Such a kiſs as might inſpire
Thrilling raptures,---ſoft deſire:

Such Adonis might receive,
Such the queen of Beauty gave,
When the conquer'd goddeſs ſtrove
(In the conſcious myrtle grove)
To inflame the boy with love.

Let not Pride our ſports reſtrain,
Baniſh hence, the Prude, DISDAIN!
Think---ye virgins, if you're coy,
Think---ye rob yourſelves of joy;
Every moment you refuſe,
So much extaſy you loſe;
Think---how faſt theſe moments fly:
If you ſhould too long deny
Love and Beauty both will die.

To a Young WIDOW.

LET baſhful virgins, nicely coy,
Exalted rapture loſe,
And timid at untaſted joy,
Through fearfulneſs refuſe.

Will you---the pleaſing conflict try'd,
Tho' ſure to conquer---fly?
In you---the ſacred zone unty'd!
'Tis peeviſh to deny.

Will

But if, my fair, the widow's name
Hold gracious with you ſtill,
The god of Love has form'd a ſcheme
Obſequious to your will.

Take, take me to thy twining arms,
(Oppreſt with warm deſire;)
Where, conquer'd by ſuch mighty charms,
A monarch might expire.

Thou'lt be a widow every night,
(Thy wond'rous pow'r confeſt!)
And as I die in dear delight,
My tomb ſhall be thy breaſt.

FORTUNE *to* HARLEQUIN.

In a Pantomime.

I.

FROM my favour, ſenſe rejected,
Fools by Fortune are protected:
Fortune, Harlequin hath found you,
Happineſs will, hence, ſurround you.

II.

Should a thouſand ills encloſe you,
Quick contrivance, this * beſtows you:

* A Hat.

Valour makes the fair adore you;
This † ſhall drive your foes before you.

III.

Gold's the mighty ſource of pleaſure!
Take this purſe of magic treaſure;
Go—for while my gifts befriend you,
Joy and jollity attend you.

† A Sword.

A BIRTH-DAY ODE:
Performed in DUBLIN.

RECIT.

HARK—how the ſoul of muſic reigns,
As when the firſt great birth of nature ſprung,
When chaos burſt his maſſy chains,
'Twas thus the Cherubs ſung:

AIR.

Hail—hail, from this auſpicious morn
Shall Britiſh glories riſe!
Now are the mighty treaſures born,
That ſhall Britannia's fame adorn,
And lift her to the ſkies.

Let

RECIT.

Let George's mighty banners ſpread,
His lofty clarions roar;
Till warlike echo fills with dread
The hoſtile Gallic ſhore.

AIR.

Mark-- how his name with terror fills!
The magic ſound rebellion kills,
And brightens all the northern hills,
Where pallid treaſons dwell;
The monſter ſhall no more ariſe,
Upon the ground ſhe panting lies!
Beneath his William's foot ſhe dies,
And now ſhe ſinks to hell.

RECIT.

Haſte--let Ierne's harp be newly ſtrung,
And after mighty George be William ſung.

AIR.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,
William ſtands the firſt in ſtory:
He, with Britiſh ardour glows!
See--the pride of Gallia fading!
See--the youthful warrior leading
Britons, vengeful, to their foes!

RE-

RECIT.

Fair is the olive branch Hibernia boaſts,
Nor ſhall the din of war diſturb her coaſts;
While Stanhope ſmiles, her ſons are bleſt,
In native loyalty confeſt!

AIR.

See--O ſee, thrice happy iſle!
See what gracious George beſtow'd;
Twice* you have ſeen a Stanhope ſmile,
Theſe are gifts become a god!

How the grateful iſland glows!
Stanhope's name ſhall be rever'd;
Whilſt by ſubjects, and by foes,
Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

CHORUS.

Like Perſians to the riſing ſun,
Reſpectful homage pay;
At George's birth our joys begun:
Salute the glorious day!

An

* Earl of Cheſterfield, and Earl of Harrington, both ſucceſſively Lords Lieutenants of Ireland.

An irregular ODE *on Muſic.*

I.

CEASE, gentle ſounds, nor kill me quite,
With ſuch exceſs of ſweet delight!
Each trembling note invades my heart,
And thrills through ev'ry vital part;
A ſoft--a pleaſing pain
Purſues my heated blood thro' ev'ry vain;
What--what does the enchantment mean?
Ah! give the charming magic o'er,
My beating heart can bear no more.

II.

Now wild with fierce deſire,
My breaſt is all on fire!
In ſoftn'd raptures, now, I die!
Can empty ſound ſuch joys impart;
Can muſic thus tranſport the heart,
With melting extaſy!
O art divine! exalted bleſſing!
Each celeſtial charm expreſſing!

Kindeſt

Kindeſt gift the gods beſtow!
Sweeteſt good that mortals know!

III.

When ſeated in a verdant ſhade
(Like tuneful Thyrſis) Orpheus play'd;
The diſtant trees forſake the wood;
The liſtening beaſts neglect their food
To hear the heavenly ſound;
The Dryads leave the mountains,
The Naiades quit the fountains,
And in a ſprightly chorus dance around.

IV.

To raiſe the ſtately walls of antient Troy,
Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ;
See what ſoft harmony can do!
The moving rocks the ſound purſue,
Till in a large collected maſs they grew:
Had Thyrſis liv'd in theſe remoter days,
His were the chaplet of immortal bays!
Apollo's harp unknown!
The ſhepherd had remain'd of ſong
The Deity alone.

A FRAGMENT.

Part of a Poem wrote on Miſs BELLAMY, *when in Dublin.*

FROM ſlaviſh rules, mechanic forms unty'd,
She ſoars with ſacred nature for her guide:
The ſmile of peace--the wildneſs of deſpair--
The ſoft'ning ſigh--the ſoul diſſolving tear;
Each magic charm the boaſted Oldfield knew,
Inchanting Bellamy revives in you.

'Tis thine, reſiſtleſs, the ſuperior art,
To ſearch the ſoul and trace the various heart;
With native force, with unaffected eaſe,
To form the yielding paſſions as you pleaſe!

Oldmixon's* charms, by melody impreſt,
May gently touch the ſong enamour'd-breaſt;
But tranſient raptures muſt attend the wound,
Where the light arrow is convey'd by ſound!

Or

* A Lady celebrated for Singing.

Or ſhould Mechel*, all languiſhing advance,
Her limbs diſplay'd in every maze of dance,
(The ſoul untouch'd) ſhe captivates the ſight;
But breathing wit, with judgment muſt unite,
To give the man of reaſon unconfin'd delight.

On a very young LADY.

SEE how the buds and bloſſoms ſhoot:
How ſweet will be the ſummer fruit!
Let us behold the infant roſe;
How fragrant when its beauty blows!
The morning ſmiles ſerenely gay:
How bright will be the promis'd day!
Contemplate next the charming maid,
In early innocence array'd!
If, in the morning of her years,
A luſtre ſo intenſe appears,
When time ſhall point her noontide rays,
When her meridian charms ſhall blaze,
None but the eagle-ey'd muſt gaze.

An

* A Dancer then in Smock-alley Theatre.

An INVITATION.

(Including the characters of the particular Company that frequented Mr Buxton's elegant Country Houſe, at Weſton) The Family intending for London.

COME, *Daphne*, as the widow'd turtle true,
Foremoſt in grief, conduct the mournful crew;
Come, *Delia*, beauteous as the new-born ſpring,
With ſong more ſoft than raptur'd angels ſing;
Let *Thirſis*, in the bloom of ſummer's pride,
With folded arms, walk penſive by her ſide;
Clarinda, come, like roſy morning fair,
Thy form as beauteous as thy heart ſincere;
On her ſhall *Simon* gaze with rude delight,
Till poliſh'd by her charms he grows polite:
Dorinda, next--her gay, good humour fled!
With ſilent ſteps, and grief-dejected head!
Palemon! ſee, his tuneleſs harp unſtrung,
Is on the willow boughs neglected hung!
Come *Celia*, ſigh'd for by unnumber'd ſwains!
Roſetta, pride of the extended plains!
With *Phillis*, whoſe unripen'd charms diſplay
A dawn, that promiſes the future day.

With

With cypreſs crown'd, to Weſton groves repair;
The conſcious ſhades ſhall witneſs our deſpair:
To vales, and lawns, and woodlands, late ſo gay,
Where in ſweet converſe we were wont to ſtray:
The joys we've loſt, in plaintive numbers tell,
And bid the ſocial ſeat a long farewel.

FANNY *of the* DALE.

I.

LET the declining damaſk roſe,
With envious grief look pale;
The ſummer bloom more freely glows
In Fanny of the dale.

II.

Is there a ſweet that decks the field,
Or ſcents the morning gale;
Can ſuch a vernal fragrance yield,
As Fanny of the dale?

III.

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeleſs, cold, and ſtale:

How

How faint their beauties, when compar'd
With Fanny of the dale?

IV.

The willow binds Paſtora's brows,
Her fond advances fail:
For Damon pours his warmeſt vows
To Fanny of the dale.

V.

Might honeſt truth, at laſt, ſucceed,
And artleſs love prevail;
Thrice happy cou'd he tune his reed,
With Fanny of the dale!

To Mr. K——.

I.

YES, Colin, 'tis granted, you flutter in lace,
You whiſper and dance with the fair:
But Merit advances, 'tis yours to give place,
Stand off, and at diſtance revere;

Nor teize the ſweet maid with your jargon of chat,
By her ſide as you ſaunter along;
Your *taſte*--your *complexion*--your *this*--and your *that*,
Nor liſp out the end of your ſong.

II.

For folly, and faſhion, you barter good ſenſe,
(If ſenſe ever fell to your ſhare)
'Tis enough you could pert *petit maitre* commence,
Laugh--loiter--and lie with an air.

No end you can anſwer, affections you've none,
Made only for prattle and play,
Like a butterfly, baſk'd for a while in the ſun,
You'll die undiſtinguiſh'd away.

APOLLO, *to the Company at Harrowgate.*

FROM my critical court, at a quarterly meeting,
To my Harrowgate ſubjects this embaſſy greeting:

Whereas

Whereas from the veteran poets complaint is,
Their works are no longer conſider'd as dainties,
And Shakeſpear, and Congreve, and Farquhar and others,
The tragical—comical—farcical brothers,
Petition us oft for ſome gents and ſome ladies;
(Our ſubjects, no doubt, ſince dramatic their trade is.)

We govern their ſtational ſtage by direction,
And ſend 'em to you for your friendly protection;
'Tis Apollo invites, with ſome ladies (the muſes)
We denounce him *immenſely* ill-bred that refuſes.

Be it known by the bye, from our helicon fountain,
Enrich'd by the ſoil of Parnaſſus's mountain,
Your Harrowgate water directly proceeding,
Produces fine ſenſe, with true taſte, and good breeding.

Talk of taſte—none but heathens would call it in queſtion:
Yet ſome inſolent wits might advance a ſuggeſtion!
While our deputies daily invite all the neighbours,
But find no Mæcenas to ſmile on their labours.
Thus far we've proceeded your favour to curry,
And could tell ye much more,—but we write in a hurry.

A SONG.

I.

HE that Love hath never try'd,
Nor had Cupid for his guide,
Cannot hit the paſſage right
To the palace of delight.

II.

What are honours, regal wealth,
Florid youth, and roſy health?
Without Love, his tribute brings
Impotent, unmeaning things!

III.

Gentle ſhepherds, perſevere,
Still be tender, ſtill ſincere;
Love, and Time united, do
Wonders, if the heart be true.

A SONG.

(Sent to CHLOE *with a Roſe.)*

Tune,—The Laſs of Patie's Mill.

I.

YES, every flower that blows
I paſs'd unheeded bye,
Till this enchanting roſe
Had fix'd my wand'ring eye;

It ſcented every breeze,
That wanton'd o'er the ſtream,
Or trembled through the trees,
To meet the morning beam.

II.

To deck that beauteous maid,
Its fragrance can't excel,
From ſome celeſtial ſhade
The damaſk charmer fell;

And as her balmy ſweets,
On Cloe's breaſt ſhe pours,
The queen of *Beauty* greets
The gentle queen of *Flowers*.

A FRAGMENT.

To Mr. WOODS, *Architect of the Exchange at Liverpool.*

WHERE Merſey * rolls her wealth-beſtowing waves,
And the wide ſandy beech triumphant laves;
Where naval ſtore in harbour'd ſafety rides,
Unmov'd by ſtorms, unhurt by threat'ning tides;
Commerce—(paternal goddeſs!) ſits ſerene,
Commandant of the tributes of the main.

But yet no temple lifts its high-top'd ſpire,
Simple her ſeat—and artleſs her attire!
Around attendant prieſts, in order wait,
Guiltleſs of pomp, and ignorant of ſtate;
The Godhead's power, tho' unadorn'd, they own,
And bend with incenſe—at her low-built throne.

Pallas beheld—ſhe quits the ambient ſkies,
And thus the blue-ey'd maid indignant cries:
"Is

* The river Merſey at Liverpool.

" Is it for thee—my Woods!—to ſit ſupine;
" (Thy genius fraught with ev'ry grace of mine)
" Is it for thee—to whoſe myſterious hand,
" Science—and ſiſter Arts, obſequious ſtand,
" Inglorious thus, to let a goddeſs pine?
" No throne!—no temple—no ſuperior ſhrine!
" Haſte, haſte! command the well wrought columns riſe,
" And lift my favourite, Commerce, to the ſkies."

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

A PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. WALLACE, *on opening the New Theatre at Newcaſtle,* 1766.

IF to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,
To ſtrip the ſelf-deceiving paſſions bare,
With honeſt mirth, to kill an evening's care;
If theſe kind motives can command applauſe,
For theſe, the motly ſtage her curtain draws.

Does not the poet, that exiſts by praiſe,
Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays?

Is not the wretch (ſtill trembling for his ſtore)
Pleas'd when he graſps a glitt'ring thouſand more?
Cheers not the mariner, propitious ſeas?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees?
Lives not the lover, but in hopes of bliſs?
To ev'ry queſtion we'll reply with—yes.

Suppoſe them gratified—their full delight,
Falls ſhort of ours on this auſpicious night,
When rich in happineſs—in hopes elate,
Taſte has receiv'd us to her fav'rite ſeat.

O that the ſoul of Action were but ours,
And the vaſt energy of vocal powers!
That we might make a grateful off'ring, fit
For theſe kind judges that in candour ſit.

Before ſuch judges, we confeſs, with dread,
Theſe new dominions we preſume to tread;
Yet if you ſmile, we'll boldly do our beſt,
And leave your favour to ſupply the reſt.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS, &c.

An EPIGRAM.

A Member of the modern great
Paſs'd Sawney with his budget,
The Peer was in a car of ſtate,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney ſhall receive the praiſe
His Lordſhip would parade for:
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's ſhoes are paid for.

ANOTHER.

TO Waſteall, whoſe eyes were juſt cloſing in death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door;
In peace, cry'd the wretch, let me give up my breath.
And *Fate* will ſoon rub out my ſcore.

Come, bailiffs, cries Doll, (how I'll hamper this cheat!)
Let the law be no longer delay'd,

I never once heard of that fellow call'd *Fate*,
And by G—d he ſha'nt die till I'm paid.

A POSTSCRIPT.

WOULD honeſt Tom G——d * get rid of a ſcold,
The torture, the plague of his life!
Pray tell him to take down his lion of gold,
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

A RECANTATION.

OF ſpleen ſo dormant, indolence ſo great,
I've thoughtleſs flatter'd, what in truth I hate.

To DELIA.

SAY, my charmer, right or wrong,
Say it from your heart or tongue:
Be ſincere, or elſe deceive,
Say you love—and I ſhall believe.

The

* Landlord of the Golden Lion, at an inn in Yorkſhire.

The following ACROSTICS *were wrote at the Requeſt of the two Ladies who are the Subjects of them.*

PRAY tell me, ſays Venus, one day to the Graces,
(On a viſit they came, and had juſt ta'en their places)
Let me know why of late I can ne'er ſee your faces:
Ladies, nothing, I hope, happen'd here to affright ye:
You've had compliment cards every day to invite ye.

Says Cupid, who gueſs'd their rebellious proceeding,
"Underhand, dear mamma, there's ſome miſchief a-breeding:
"There's a fair one at Lincoln, ſo finiſh'd a beauty,
"That your loves and your graces all ſwerve from their duty."
On my life, ſays dame Venus, I'll not be thus put on,
Now I think on't, laſt night, ſome one call'd me Miſs Sutton.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

WHERE no ripen'd ſummer glows,
In the lap of northern ſhows;
Deſarts gloomy, cold, and drear,
(Only let the nymph be there)
Wreaths of budding ſweets would wear.

MAY would every fragrance bring,
All the vernal bloom of ſpring:
Dryads, deck'd with myrtles green,
Dancing, would attend their queen:
Every flower that nature ſpreads,
Riſing where the charmer treads!

On Mr. CHURCHILL'S *death.*

SAYS Tom to Richard, Churchill's dead,
Says Richard, Tom, you lie,
Old *Rancour* the report hath ſpread,
But *Genius* cannot die.

APOLLO.——*To Mr.* C---- F---- *on his being ſatirized by an ignorant Perſon.*

WHether he's worth your ſpleen or not,
You've aſk'd me to determine;
I wiſh, my friend, a nobler lot,
Than that of trampling vermin.

A blockhead can't be worth our care,
Unleſs that we'd befriend him:
As you've ſome common ſenſe to ſpare,
I'll pay you what you lend him.

APOLLO.

On ſeeing J—— C——ft, *Eſq; abuſed in a Newſpaper.*

WHEN a wretch to public notice,
Would a man of worth defame;
Wit as threadbare as his coat is,
Only ſhews his want of ſhame.

Buſy, pert, unmeaning parrot!
Vileſt of the venal crews!
Go—and in your Grubſtreet garret,
Hang yourſelf and paltry muſe.

Pity

Pity too the meddling ſinner,
Should for hunger hang or drown;
F——x, (he muſt not want a dinner)
Send the ſcribler half a crown.

On hearing DAVID HUME, *Eſq; particularly admired in a Company of* petit Maitres.

DID rocks and trees in ancient days
Round tuneful Orpheus throng,
Mov'd by the bard's enliv'ning lays,
And ſenſible of ſong!

When the bold Orpheus of our age,
With true pathetic fire,
Unfolds the philoſophic page,
The very beaux admire.

A CHARACTER.

THE muſe of a ſoldier ſo whimſical ſings,
He's captain at once to four different kings;
And tho' in their battles he boldly behaves,
To their queens he's a cull, and a dupe to their knaves;
Whilſt others are cheerfully join'd in the chace,
Young Hobbinol's hunting the critical ace:
On feaſts or on faſts, tho' the parſon exclaim,
Under hedges or haycocks he'll ſtick to his game.

Yet

Yet the prieſt cannot ſay he's quite out of his fold,
For he's always at church—when a tythe's to be
ſold.

EPIGRAPH *for Dean* SWIFT'S *Monument.*

Executed by Mr. P. CUNNINGHAM, *Statuary in Dublin.*

SAY to the Drapers vaſt unbounded fame,
What added honours can the ſculptor give?
None—'tis a ſanction from the drapier's name,
Muſt bid the ſculptor and his marble live.

EPIGRAM.

COULD Kate for Dick compoſe the gordian
ſtring,
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!
A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in duty to exalt her ſpouſe.

An Apology for a certain Lady.

TO an old dotard's wretched arms betray'd,
The wife (miſcall'd) is but a widow'd maid,

Young

Young, and impatient at her wayward lot,
If the dull rules of duty are forgot;
Whatever ills from her defection riſe,
The parent's guilty who compell'd the ties.

On GOLD.

BEAUTY's a bawble, a trifle in price!
'Tis glaſs, or 'tis ſomething as glaring;
But ſet in it gold—'tis ſo wonderful nice,
That a prince ſhall be proud in the wearing.
How feeble the tranſport when paſſion is gone,
How pall'd when the honey-moon's over!
When kiſſing--and cooing--and toying are done,
'Tis gold muſt enliven the lover.

To CHLOE *on a Charge of Inconſtancy.*

HOW can Chloe think it ſtrange,
Time ſhould make a lover change?

Time brings all things to an end,
Courage can't the blow defend.
See the proud aſpiring oak,
Falls beneath the fatal ſtroke:
If on *Beauty*'s cheek he preys,
Straight the roſy bloom decays:
Joy puts out his lambent fires,
And at *Time*'s approach--expires.

How

How can Chloe think it ſtrange,
Time ſhould make a lover change?

On Alderman W——.

The Hiſtory of his Life.

THAT he was born, it cannot be deny'd,
He eat, drank, ſlept, talk'd politics, and dy'd.

An ELEGY *on his Death.*

THAT Fate would not grant a reprieve,
'Tis true, we have cauſe to lament;
Yet faith 'tis a folly to grieve,
So e'en let us all be content.
On the ſtone that was plac'd o'er his head,
(When he mingled with ſhadows ſo grim)
Theſe words may be ev'ry day read,
"Here lies the late Alderman WHIM."

From the Author to a celebrated Methodiſt Preacher.

I.

HYPOCRISY's ſon!
No more of your fun,
A truce with fanatical raving:

Why cenſure the ſtage?
'Tis known to the age,
That both of us thrive by--deceiving.

II.

'Tis frequently ſaid,
That two of a trade
Will boldly each other beſpatter:
But truſt me they're fools
Who play with edg'd tools;
So let's have no more of the matter.

A PASTORAL.

PALEMON, ſeated by his fav'rite maid,
The Sylvan ſcenes with extaſy ſurvey'd:
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been abſent half the day;
Dar'd by Palemon, for a paſtoral prize,
Reluctant (in his turn) Alexis tries.

PALEMON.

This breeze by the river how charming and ſoft!
How ſmooth the graſs carpet! how green!

Sweet

Sweet, ſweet ſings the lark!—as he carols aloft,
His muſic enlivens the ſcene.
A thouſand freſh flowrets, unuſually gay,
The fields and the foreſts adorn;
I pluck'd me ſome roſes—the children of May!
And could not find one with a thorn.

ALEXIS.

The ſkies are quite clouded—too bold is the breeze!
Dull vapours deſcend on the plain;
The verdure's all blaſted that cover'd yon Trees,
The birds cannot compaſs a ſtrain!

In ſearch for a chaplet my temples to bind,
All day as I ſilently rove,
I can't find a flowret, not one, to my mind,
In meadow, in garden, or grove.

PALEMON.

I ne'er ſaw the hedge in ſuch excellent bloom,
The lambkins more wantonly gay!
My cows ſeem to breathe a more pleaſing perfume,
And brighter than common the day!

If any dull ſhepherd ſhould fooliſhly aſk,
So rich why the landſcapes appear?
To give a right anſwer, how eaſy my taſk!
Becauſe my ſweet Phillida's here.

ALEXIS.

The ſtream that ſo muddy moves ſlowly along,
Once roll'd in a beautiful tide;
It ſeem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a ſong,
But Daphne ſat then by my ſide.

See—ſee—the ſweet maid, o'er the meadow ſhe hies!
Quite alter'd already the ſcenes!
How limpid the ſtream is!—how gay the blue ſkies!
The hills and the hedges how green!

FINIS.

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